McKean County Mirror

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

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State Library Harrisburg

BRADFORD BUNCH WAS THE WINNER

Defeated the Smethport Team in a Slugging Match Sunday.

STULL'S PLAYING THE FEATURE

All the Local News in Base Ball—Mt. Jewett Beaten at Eldred—Port Allegany Defeated Eldred.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Smethport	2	0	1.000
Mt. Jewett	1	1	.500
Eldred	2	2	.500
Port Allegany	1	3	.250

BRADFORD 16; SMETHPORT 11.

In a regular slugging match at the Bradford driving park the first of the week Smethport went down to defeat by the above score. Both sides laid on the ball with terrific force and that combined with a liberal spattering of errors, mostly due to the bad condition of the grounds, made the score run up but it was a good game to witness at that.

Stull, our little center fielder, easily carried off the honors of the game in fielding, hitting and base running. He had three put-outs and one assist in the field, one of which brought hearty applause from every spectator. He was five times at bat and made five clean hits with a total of nine bases and he also has three stolen bases to his credit. If he keeps up anywhere near this pace some of the leagues will be looking for him next season.

Following is the tabulated score:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McCabe, 3d	6	1	3	1	2	1
Tull, ss	5	2	0	1	3	2
Keefer, 1st	6	0	2	11	0	1
Croissant, c	6	3	2	7	3	0
Young, 2d	6	1	3	0	1	0
Stull, cf	6	2	3	3	1	0
Ramer, lf	5	0	0	0	1	1
McClure, rf	4	1	2	0	0	0
Denning, p	5	1	1	0	4	0
Total	47	11	18	24	15	5

Bradford	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Ward, cf	5	3	1	1	0	0
Mack, 3d	4	1	2	2	1	1
Mayberry, ss	5	1	1	0	2	1
Wise, 1st	5	3	3	12	0	3
Woodard, lf	5	3	3	1	0	0
Page, 2d	5	3	3	2	3	0
McGraff, rf	5	2	0	1	0	2
McDonald, c	6	1	1	10	2	0
Keelan, p	5	1	2	1	8	0
Total	44	16	16	27	11	7

Earned runs—Smethport 6; Bradford 8.
Stolen bases—Stull 3; Mack, Mayberry, McGraff.
Three base hit—Stull.
Two base hits—Croissant, Stull; Denning; Mack, Woodard 2, McGraff 2, Keelan.
Double plays—McCabe to Keefer; Mayberry to Wise.
Bases on balls—off Denning 2.
Hit by pitched ball—by Keelan 1.
Struck out—by Denning 7; by Keelan 10.
Passed balls—Croissant 1; McDonald 1.
Time of game—1:40.
Umpire—Nelson.

RESULTS OF TWO LEAGUE GAMES.

Mt. Jewett was defeated at Eldred last Friday by a score of 18 to 1. The Mt. Jewett players complain of unfair treatment by the umpire. Tuesday Eldred played at Port Allegany and it is understood that the score was 10 to 4 in favor of the latter team.

HOW THEY STAND.

Nearly every man on the team improved his batting average since last report, although some slumps occurred in the fielding department. Clyde Stull looms up like a red-headed man at an Italian picnic, leading the bunch in hitting and with a perfect fielding average:

BATTING.

Player	G	A.B	R	H	Ave
Stull	5	20	6	10	.500
Daniels	5	17	3	8	.471
Keefer	4	19	0	7	.368
Andrews	6	25	5	9	.360
McCabe	12	48	11	16	.333
Young	7	28	4	9	.321
Fuller	4	16	2	4	.250
Denning	11	42	10	10	.238
Tull	9	41	10	9	.220
Croissant	12	53	8	10	.188
King	8	37	5	7	.135
Ramer	8	30	5	4	.133
McClure	8	32	5	3	.094

FIELDING.

Player	G	P.O	A	E	Ave.
Stull f	5	4	2	0	1.000
McClure f	8	7	4	0	1.000
Keefer 1b	4	40	1	1	.976
Croissant 1b-c	12	95	13	10	.916
Denning p-f	11	21	16	7	.841
Daniels 2b-ss	5	8	13	4	.840
Andrews 1b-f	6	14	1	3	.833
Tull p-2b-ss	9	9	22	7	.816
McCabe 3b-p	12	23	19	11	.793
Young 1b-2b	7	21	7	8	.778
Fuller p	4	1	6	2	.778
King ss-1b-2b	8	18	11	13	.703
Ramer	8	8	1	4	.692

STOLEN BASES.

See number of games above: McCabe 7, Denning 5, Croissant 4, Stull 4, Tull 2, Keefer 2, King 2, Ramer 2, McClure 2, Andrews 1, Young 1, Daniels 1.

DIAMOND DUST.

Serratins leads the Austin team in batting. Last week his average for 11 games was .420.

Attorney F. E. Baldwin of Austin has wagered $500 with Hon. W. W. Crittenden of Oswayo that the Austin team will beat Coudersport's nine at Coudersport Aug. 10.

Reports from Warren, Ohio, say that Waldo Sasse of Smethport is playing a great fielding game and hitting around the .400 mark this season. It is also claimed that the young man will be given a try-out by the management of the Pittsburg national league team next season.

In its account of the recent Austin-Smethport game the Republican says: Denning, an 18-year-old kid, did the twirling for the visitors and was remarkably effective, considering the weakness of his support in spots.

The management of the Coudersport team has decided to play no more Sunday games.

A benefit dance was given at Olean recently for Seuling, the young pitcher, who had his arm broken in a ball game a few weeks ago.

President McFall of the McKean League decided this morning that Walter Daniels belongs to the Smethport team. The young man is a resident of this town and was registered by Port Allegany without his knowledge or consent. He will play with Smethport tomorrow at Mt. Jewett.

LEAGUE GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

Aug. 5, Smethport at Mt. Jewett.
Aug. 8, Port Allegany at Mt. Jewett.
Aug. 9, Smethport at Eldred.
Aug. 12, Mt. Jewett at Smethport.
Aug. 16, Eldred at Mt. Jewett.
Aug. 19, Smethport at Port Allegany.
Aug. 22, Mt. Jewett at Port Allegany.
Aug. 23, Eldred at Smethport.
Aug. 26, Port Allegany at Eldred.
Aug. 30, Smethport at Mt. Jewett.
Sept. 1, Eldred at Port Allegany.
Sept. 2, Mt. Jewett at Smethport.
Sept. 7, Port Allegany at Smethport.
Sept. 9, Mt. Jewett at Eldred.
Sept. 14, Eldred at Smethport.
Sept. 15, Port Allegany at Mt. Jewett.
Sept. 20, Smethport at Eldred; Mt. Jewett at Port Allegany.

Bold Bradford Burglary.

A. S. Jacoby's pawn shop and jewelry store, located at the entrance to Patent place, on Main street, was looted by burglars, last night, between 11 and 12 o'clock says yesterdays Bradford Era. Entrance was effected by a rear window opening from the alley. Three men were engaged in the operations, one being on guard in front on Main street. The others went inside and secured numerous watches and other articles. Two of the trio succeeded in escaping, but the third, who proved to be Fred Sandborn, painter, paper-hanger and wrestler, was "caught with the goods on" just as he had succeeded in getting out of the window. An Era attache who happened to be in the vicinity at the time, seized Sandborn and held him until the police arrived. Sandborn did not relish the idea of being captured, and resisted strongly but eventually became resigned to the inevitable. Surrounded by scattered loot which had fallen from his clutches, he confessed that he was guilty. Captain Foust took him to the city prison and locked him up.

Nine watches and 19 rings were found in Sandborn's pockets when he was searched at police headquarters.

The Era's modest account of the struggle with the burglar is due to the fact that D. A. Dennison, editor of that paper, was the man who captured Sandborn. The Star's account had the following to say of the capture: "A rough and tumble fight ensued. When the dirt cleared away, the wrestler was on the bottom and the editor was on top. Various articles of jewelry were scattered around in the neighborhood and it looked as if lightning had struck the jewelry store. Meanwhile Police Captain Foust had been informed that some one was having a tussle with a burglar in the alley, and he hastened to the scene and found Dennison in full possession of the unwilling, but helpless, Sandborn."

The two other men implicated in the burglary were caught at their boarding house yesterday morning. They are George Wilkinson of Kinzua and John Gierke of Northeast. Mr. Jacoby says the goods taken would not exceed $50 in value. The Record says: "Sandborn is a man who is well known in this city, being of respectable parents, and having a family which is well thought of. He has been mixed up with police affairs to a considerable extent, and has been the source of a good deal of trouble in this city. He is a man of sturdy build, and would be a man of some consequence if it were not for dissipation. Not much is known of the other two men, except that Wilkinson came here recently with a circus, and severed his connection with the show here. He was arrested a short time ago on the charge of failing to pay a board bill to a woman with whom he boarded. The other man was sufficiently known to the police as to be known who was meant, when they received his description.

The men will be given a hearing at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

Buggies for Sale.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has one of the best displays of carriages, buggies and runabouts in his salesrooms ever shown in this section. The leader is the celebrated Waterloo variety, but he has other good makes for less money. Call and see his stock.

On and after August 15th we will discontinue the giving of trading stamps.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the Mirror.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Mr. Ebenezer Pattison, one of the old settlers and residents of this county, died at the residence of his son, D. F. Pattison, in Hamlin township, March 16, 1875, at the ripe age of 80 years and 24 days. Mr. Pattison was born in 1795, at Sangerfield, Oneida county, N. Y. He moved into this county in the year 1820, settling first on Potato creek, where he lived up to the day of his death. He was an honorable and honored citizen, and raised a family of twelve children to revere his memory. He served as county auditor, with Esq. Crow and Rensalaer Wright, and has held the office of justice of the peace for twenty years, as evidence of the estimation in which he was held by his neighbors. He had been sick and helpless for one year previous to his death.

The commissioners are busily perfecting arrangements for the building of the new jail. A commanding location in the rear of the court house square has been purchased, and the work of the building is to be speedily commenced. Mr. James Bell, who by the way is the son of the builder of the court house, has been engaged to superintend the masonry work. We understand that the building of the jail will not be let by contract, but will be done under the direction and supervision of the commissioners. The plan drafted by Mr. Olney the architect of the McKean & Buffalo railroad, has been approved by the board of public charities. If the building will appear as well after it is finished as it is represented by the plan, we can expect to see one of the handsomest and most imposing jail buildings in the state—and what is better, perfectly secure.

Notwithstanding the advent of railroad lines, the old fashioned stage is still a convenience and necessity in the way of intercourse and travel through some parts of the county. The route between Smethport and Kane is a want which has long been felt, and is now we are glad to say to be supplied. Kane is now one of the most prominent and flourishing villages of the county, yet under the present traveling accommodations it is a long journey to the county seat, unless by private conveyance. Some months ago the government established a daily mail route between the two places, and called for bids. Mr. E. V. Chadwick, the present owner of the route from here to Larrabee, obtained the contract at $775 per year. Upon the opening of the McKean & Buffalo road to the public his present route will undoubtedly be abandoned. He will then give his entire attention to the Kane route, and the experience of the past is sufficient assurance that with good horses, good stages and prompt attention he will make it a pleasant and popular route.

Bard-McCoy—At the residence of the bride's father, on Tuesday evening, March 31, 1875, by Rev. S. D. Morris, Mr. E. H. Bard and Miss Geneva A. McCoy, youngest daughter of Dr. W. Y. McCoy, all of Smethport. Above we publish the announcement of our former associate and old friend, E. H. Bard. That this important step may be to him the opening of a new, happy and prosperous life is our earnest wish.

At the close of Dr. Hedley's course of lectures, last Friday evening, the audience was permitted to choose by ballot one lady recipient of the prize awarded to the handsomest lady in character and person, and one gentleman, ditto. Miss Emma Backus was the lucky lady, and received the prize (a volumn of poems) which was well merited. W. A. Williams, Esq., carried off the tin horn as the reward of manly beauty. We always thought Mr. Williams was a handsome chap, and we are pleased to know that our opinion is backed up by public sentiment.

Mr. James McNulty has bought two lots of the Bennett estate, on the south side of Main street. Consideration $725.

We also learn that B. L. Knapp has purchased a lot adjoining the residence of Seth Gifford for $200. Real estate can not be called "dog cheap" here.

We understand that the firm of Taylor and Young, of this place is about to be dissolved and that the business will be continued by the firm of Taylor & Son Mr. D. C. Young is to remove in a few days to Larabee and take possession of the Larabee property, which recently came into possession of Mr. A. N. Taylor, and which he had deeded to his daughter, Mrs. Young. It is a valuable property and under Clint's excellent management it will be made doubly valuable. The new firm of Taylor & Son will no doubt be as successful as the old one. Frank has served a lengthy and faithful apprenticeship, and fully deserves the promotion to a member of the firm. He has in him the elements of a first class business man, and we look to see many improvements under his management.

Pattison.—April 3, 1875, Albert Sidney Pattison, only son of D. F. and Pattison, died, aged 7 years, 4 months and 1 day.

Large assortment bird cages, just in.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

A Russian Victory?

Dispatches in last night's papers say that the Japanese recently lost 20,000 men in an assault on Port Arthur.

Liao Yang appears to be the point picked out for this week's struggle between the Russian and Japanese press censors.

"According to reports" a vast body of Russians under Gen. Kuropatkin were beaten back from the Yang pass, but still hold their position on the Saimatza road. Reports are of such a nature that it is practically sure that severe fighting has been taking place east and south of Liao Yang.

Yesterday's Era contained the following dispatch, dated St. Petersburg, August 2:

All the military critics this morning take the view that the decisive moment of the campaign has arrived. The army organ says that Gen. Kuroki prepared for his advance by drawing in his forces which were scattered over a front of 40 miles. The paper says it is evident that a large Japanese force is working along the Saimatza-Linoyama line. It expresses doubt, however, which advance of the enemy will push home and whether it is Kuroki's intention to try to flank Kuropatkin north or south of Liao Yang. The Russ says: The decisive moment has arrived, but, judging from the latest reports, the Russians have retained their positions and this time it will not be an order to retreat.

The Vladivostok cruiser division has returned to port in safety after an eventful cruise in dangerous waters. Reports say that Vice Admiral Kamimura's Japanese fleet might have easily barred the return voyage, but it did not. Bad luck is assigned as the cause.

It is believed in well informed quarters in Paris that the position of Port Arthur is much less critical than generally supposed, the Japanese efforts being directed towards strengthening their positions around Port Dalny rather than to advancing the attack. As a matter of fact, it is said their advance has not made serious progress during the past three weeks.

Barbour-Pelton.

George Walter Barbour and Carolyn A. Pelton, daughter of Mrs. Mary Pelton of Newerf, Pa., were married yesterday afternoon at the First Methodist church of Newerf by Rev. F. Reale of Portville, N. Y.

The bride was preceded by little Miss Pauline Tumser of Buffalo as flower girl. Miss Carrie Langer acted as bridesmaid and Mrs. Fred Hungiville as matron of honor.

The groom was attended by Mr. Arthur Culver as best man. Fred Hungiville and Edward Barbour acted as ushers, and the bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Chas. Pelton of Buffalo.

The bride was attired in white organdie entrain, and tulle veil fastened by a jewel comb, and carried a shower bouquet of white sweet peas. The gifts were many and beautiful.

After a reception at the bride's home they departed for a three weeks' trip in Canada after which they will be at home to their numerous friends in Newerf.

Among the out-of-town guests were Mrs. John Clark of Smethport, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Backus and Miss Elma Schott of Olean, N. Y., Mrs. Martha Stanton of Kushequa, Misses Pauline and Julia Tumser of Buffalo and Mrs. Nina Hanson of Port Allegany.

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Blackman Babbles.

Editor Blackman of the Port Allegany Argus, in a senseless article in regard to the league game played at that place on July 22nd, calls the writer, who acted as umpire in the game, most of the cruel things that make up his vocabulary and says that the Smethport players made no claim to the game. He further says: "He called Thompson out for interference with Croissant at home plate, claimed that Croissant was in position to catch the ball, this is untrue as Croissant had his back to the ball and was in a position to block the base runner." Of course, Blackman is too much of a gentleman to try to twist the truth, but as no one else saw Croissant in this position, and as such an act could only give Port Allegany another score it is reasonable to assume the hundred eyes of the Argus editor were more or less covered by his coat tails and therefore this rash statement.

Blackman also claims that no agreement was made to call this game a draw but Manager Colegrove says he had that understanding with Manager Colcord and up to last Friday, a week after the game, Port Allegany had entered no protest with the president of the league so they will either have to call it a draw game or let it go to Smethport by a score of six to seven.

We have since learned that Port Allegany has protested the game and the question will be decided soon.

Girls Wanted.

Two girls for general housework. Good wages and nice home. For particulars apply to or address Mrs. Wm. McKeown, Mt. Alton, Pa.

The most complete stock of carpenters tools to be found in the country at
Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Death of Robt. E. Pattison.

Robert Emory Pattison, former Governor of Pennsylvania, died at 6:25 o'clock Monday morning at his home in Philadelphia. His end was peaceful, the distinguished patient after a series of relapses during the evening slowly sinking from unconsciousness to the end.

At the bedside when death came were Mrs. Ezra Bartlett, a sister, Robert E. Pattison, Jr., Drs. Piromm and Boenning and two nurses. Tired out by the all-night vigil, Mrs. Pattison and her daughter, Miss Lavina Pattison, had gone to their own room a short time previous. Before they could be summoned the husband and father had closed his eyes in the last sleep.

Death was due to pneumonia complicated with a weak heart and a broken down physique.

Robert Emory Pattison was born at Quantico, Somerset county, Maryland, on December 8, 1850. He was a son of a Methodist clergyman, Rev. Robert H. Pattison, D. D., and of Catharine Priscilla Woodford, a native of Cambridge, Md. At the age of six years he was brought to Philadelphia by his parents, his father having been assigned to the pastorate of the Asbury M. E. church in West Philadelphia. From that time he was almost continuously a resident of that city, receiving his education in the public schools. In 1870 he took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1872. He was an active factor in Pennsylvania politics and was twice elected Governor of the State.

The Philadelphia Inquirer contained the following editorial comment on the death of this eminent man: The death of Robert E. Pattison terminates the career of one who has been conspicuous in the politics, not only of the State, but of the nation.

It was only a few days ago that William J. Bryan in his memorable fight against the nomination of Judge Parker offered Pattison, among others to the delegates of the St. Louis convention as a man who would assuredly be satisfactory to all interests. It is probable, too, that the illness which has terminated fatally and the news of which comes with such a shock to the community which has known him so well dates from that convention. Mr. Pattison was there, and as the member of the Committee on Resolutions from Pennsylvania devoted all his energies and his strength through two long night sessions to a solution of the platform problem. The strain was tremendous.

Pattison for years was a pronounced force in the Democratic party of Pennsylvania. He was one of the group of bright graduates from the famous law office of the late Lewis C. Cassidy, afterwards attorney general under the gubernatorial administration of his former pupil. During one of those local political revolutions which have occasionally marked the history of Philadelphia Cassidy insisted on making Pattison the Democratic candidate for City Controller. The contest was a hot one, with Pattison triumphant. His administration was so successful and efficient that he was given a second term by the votes of the people.

Next came the Governorship. He defeated so good a man as General Beaver in 1882. The constitution of Pennsylvania prohibits immediate succession, but in 1890 he was again the candidate and won over Delamater. With that victory his political successes ended. He failed to carry Philadelphia for mayor and in 1902 the citizens of Pennsylvania preferred Judge Pennypacker for Governor, Pattison having been taken up in the hope that his prestige and record might stem the Republican tide. His name has been canvassed several times in national conventions, and but for the fact that Pennsylvania is so hopelessly Republican the ambitions of his friends to make him the national Democratic standard bearer might have been realized.

The influence of Robert E. Pattison in Democratic politics has always been cast in favor of the upright and the honorable. He may have made mistakes. He was criticised severely even by those who had been closest to him for remaining true to Bryan when the gold standard end of the Democratic party broke away. He was a safe man—"safe and sane," as the Democratic reorganizers call themselves in these days—and he could not have been in sympathy with the free silver movement. Nevertheless he took his medicine and stood by his party. He may have had his reasons. He may have thought that loyalty at all times to his party was a necessity if he was to ask favors from it in the future.

But that was a matter of national politics. When in office he was strictly honest, strictly just and he was governed always by high motives and ideals.

The Democratic party of Pennsylvania loses in his death a wise adviser and the city of Philadelphia an eminent and valuable citizen.

Account of the races at Olean, August 16th to 19th inclusive, the P., S. & N. R. R. will make a special rate of a fare and one-third to Olean and return on regular trains, August 16th to 19th inclusive.

The Portage Holdup.

A Portage, Pa., dispatch to the Bradford Era says: With no thought of danger before him, fingering a revolver in his pocket, as he has done twice each month for almost 15 years, while conveying money to pay his men, Patrick F. Campbell, superintendent of the Puritan Coal Company's mines at Puritan, about three miles up the creek from Portage, was shot from ambush with shotguns and seriously wounded at 10 o'clock Saturday morning. Charles Hayt, his driver was almost instantly killed, and three murderous highwaymen, said to be foreigners, took the treasure bags containing $2,065, and escaped, leaving both men as dead. The three murderers started into the woods from the roadway after securing the money. Hays was unconscious and dying, but Campbell, though thrown from the buggy, still retained his senses. The raist gathered by the sudden shock passed before Cambell's eyes as the retreating forms crossed the road, one man firing a parting shot from a revolver at him. The bullet struck him high on the right shoulder, breaking the collar bone and imbedding itself at the base of the neck.

Campbell, hardy with a life in the mountains and cool from his constant work with danger and responsibility, tried to cover the ground to the nearest house, but failed utterly. Believing himself about to die the man's first thought was of revenge. Fumbling through his clothes Campbell drew out a pencil and a railroad mileage book. On the back of the ticket he scribbled:

"Follow to the woods. Look like Italians. I leave all to my wife.

P. F. Campbell."

William Hesel, a farmer, found Campbell and took him back to Portage. He is now in Altoona Hospital, and is expected to recover.

The highwaymen are still at large, although it is estimated, a thousand men are searching for them.

Later—Four Italians were arrested at Blairsville Sunday night and one of them, who gave his name as Guide Metzi, was identified by the wounded paymaster as one of his assailants. When arrested Metzi had $300 and a small steel saw in his possession.

Mt. Alton Wins.

The Smethport Gun Club went to Mt. Alton last Friday afternoon for their second clay pigeon shoot of the series and were defeated in a very close contest. Out of a possible 300 Mt. Alton got 139 birds and Smethport 137. Some of our team did not make their usual score and that coupled with the high score made by M. S. Geary gave the home shooters the match.

After the shoot was over the visitors were entertained by the Mt. Alton club very pleasantly. A first-class dinner was served at the Davis House and an enjoyable hour was spent in swapping yarns of the dog and gun, and the Smethport contingent came home well satisfied with their treatment at the mountain town. The third match will be pulled off at this place in the near future. Following is a tabulated score of the match:

Smethport First String.

Baker, E. R.	01111 01100 01101 11111 11010—17
Bacon, D.	11101 01010 01100 00100 11111—14
Burdick, C. A.	10001 11001 01111 10011 01111—15
Backus, H. L.	10110 11111 10101 10010 10001—15
Mayo, G. B.	00101 11110 01111 11011 00010—16
Walsh, W. P.	01010 11001 00011 10100 01111—13

Mt. Alton First String.

Geary, M. S.	11111 01111 11011 10111 11110—21
Quinn, M. A.	01011 11111 11001 11100 11010—17
Quinn, H. H.	11011 01010 11010 01100 10000—12
Gates, R. J.	01001 11100 00110 10111 11110—15
Emmons, O.	11001 11111 11011 01011 0-011—17
Cook, W. J.	00000 00000 01000
Jones, R.	11111 00110— 8

Smethport Second String.

Baker, E. R.	10101 00101 01110 00111 10101—16
Bacon, D.	00101 10110 11110 01101 10010—15
Burdick, C. A.	11111 11111 01001 10110 11111—20
Backus, H. L.	11100 00010 10000 10111 11111—14
Mayo, G. B.	11010 11110 01011 01101 11101—17
Walsh, W. P.	01111 11111 11010 11111 00000—17

Mt. Alton Second String.

Geary, M. S.	11111 11101 10111 11111 11110—23
Quinn, M. S.	11111 10100 10111 10011 11011—18
Quinn, H. H.	00011 11010 01001 01111 00100—12
Gates, R. J.	01010 10011 01101 01010 11000—12
Emmons, O.	00110 01111 10100 11111 10010—15
Jones, R.	11101 11001 11111 11011 01111—20

At the Lyceum.

Sometime ago Prince Henry came to this country sight seeing. His time was limited so that he was only able to visit some of the larger cities. Did you see him? No, then you lost perhaps the only chance you will ever have of seeing a Prince. Did you ever see a Princess? No. Well you may see one, "The Princes of Patches." She will be at the Lyceum Monday night, Aug. 8th. She brings with her a great company, The Dilger-Cornell Co., one of the best repertoire companies on the road to-day. "The Princess of Patches" is a great southern comedy drama, one act showing a cotton field in full bloom; act 2, a southern mansion among the magnolias; act 3, an old boat house on the Mississippi river; special scenery carried for entire piece. Specialties between each act. No waits. There is an old saying "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." Come to the Lyceum Monday night and let us prove to you that "The Princess of Patches" is the best play and the Dilger-Cornell Co. is the best that has ever played in Smethport. Ladies may have the best seat in the house Monday night at half price, providing tickets are secured before 6 p. m. at Wells Drug Store.

Frederick

...browe drawn in
...plexed anxiety.

"Ethel," he said in his deliberate drawl, "my ears have deceived me."

The girl's eyes met his own squarely. Her face expressed very plainly her disapproval.

"I think you have no cause to complain of defective hearing," she said stiffly.

"You don't mean what you have just said?" he asserted.

"I most certainly do mean it," she averred.

"I never doubted for a moment you would marry me," said he. "I always supposed"—

"Suppositions are not sureties," she informed him.

"Ethel," he said coaxingly, "this has gone far enough as a joke. It's getting to the point where it hurts."

"I'm sorry it hurts, but it isn't a joke, Frederick," she said.

He stared at her in amazement and rumpled his hair thoughtfully with one hand.

"I'm a pretty steady going sort," he said, half to himself. "Don't drink to

"FREDERICK!" SHE SAID AND HURRIED FROM THE KITCHEN.

excess, allow myself but three cigars a day and never play over a ten cent limit. It can't be money, either"—

"No; it's not money," she said.

"Must be I'm stupid, then."

"If you were stupid," she said, "I think perhaps I might forgive you."

"I confess I'm in the dark," he said. "Kindly show me the vulnerable point in my armor of virtue."

"You have everything in the world to live for," she said severely. "You start life with a big handicap in your favor, that all your qualities are negative. You don't drink or gamble."

"Pretty clever, with a limit," he reminded her. "I play a fair game of polo"—

"Anything useful?" she hastened to amend.

"I see," he said and for several moments gazed abstractedly at the ceiling. "I'd like to take exceptions to your last statement," he said at length. "It seems to me I am doing the most useful thing in the world for a man in my position. I have plenty of money, and instead of crowding out some poor duffer who really needs that commodity I keep out of it and give him a show."

Her eyes flashed. "What a lame excuse," she said.

"May be a trifle spavined," he agreed cheerfully.

"I was going to say it was cowardly," she said.

"Oh, well, if it's that I'll join the 'doers' at once," he drawled. "Let's see; law is what I was trained for, but I fear my legal ability has a fine coat of rust by this time."

"There are other fields," she reminded him.

He rose and stood before her, looking down at her flushed face.

"If I do something useful—something really useful, do I win?" he said tensely.

"Yes," she said, studying the toe of her shoe.

"Very well, then," he affirmed. "You'd better decide whether it's Italy or southern California. Goodby."

A moment later the outer door banged, and the usefulness of Frederick had begun.

He did not come to see her the following day nor the next. In fact, a week passed before she saw him again, and then it was quite by accident. She was walking down the avenue one morning, and when she had reached Dr. Lawrence's house a well known voice called, "Hello, Ethel!"

She turned, but he was not behind her. Then she looked up and beheld him standing on the ledge outside a second story window. He was clad in faded blue overalls, and in one hand was a sponge, while the other held a polishing cloth.

"Begun at the bottom of the ladder you see!" he called down cheerfully. "Doc says if I'm faithful to the windows and the brass knobs I may rise to be gardener. You'll kindly observe my occupation is useful."

She made no reply, but walked down the avenue, the hurry color mounting her cheeks. That evening she received a note:

"Dear Ethel—I've thrown up my job. You didn't seem to favor it. I shall try another occupation. Yours, F. B."

The note as the new job disclosed itself two mornings later. Ethel was in the kitchen giving some instructions to the cook, when who should appear at the back door but Brigham, White frocked, a delivery basket on his arm and whistling irrepressibly.

"Good morning," he said. "This is perhaps somewhat more useful than indoor cleaning. People must eat, you know."

"Doubtless," said Ethel coldly.

"Not so bad either," he went on reckless. "Met lots of nice girls. The good cook—she's quite a stunner—ended with me desperately this morning."

"Frederick!" she said and hurried from the kitchen.

Another note appeared that evening.

"I have resigned from butcherdom," it read, "but will persevere elsewhere."

Some days later she encountered him again. She had been out to the Country club with young Martin that afternoon, and it was dusk when they alighted from the suburban train. As they hurried along the platform a familiar voice said, "Kerridge, mum?"

It was Frederick, decked in the livery of old Sam, the Brighams' coachman.

"Made $4.75 today," he chuckled gleefully.

Her face grew louse.

"When is this ridiculous burlesque to end?" she inquired in a strained voice, and without waiting for his reply she hurried after Martin.

The climax came one late February afternoon. Ethel had left the crosstown car at the corner and was hurrying up the avenue. When she reached St. Botolph's she saw quite a crowd standing on the sidewalk staring upward. She, too, looked up. A lightning rod ran up the brownstone spire, and on the lightning rod, slowly, painfully working his way upward, was a man. She turned away with a little shiver of horror, but as she did so a well dressed man beside her cried excitedly:

"By George! It's Brigham—Freddy Brigham."

She stopped, sick with dread, yet she could not keep her eyes from that black dot on the spire. She saw him creep up to the very apex; saw him climb the rod that supported the weather vane. There he drew from somewhere a hammer, cleared the snow from the vane and with several blows of the hammer set it free to swing to the wind. Then he came down the rod to the bell deck and disappeared through a trapdoor while the crowd cheered.

Ethel, giddy with the strain of the last few minutes, entered the church. In the vestibule she saw Brigham and the sexton, who was handing him some bills.

"Hello!" called the former, catching sight of her. "It was really useful—vane snowed up, you know, and people in the vicinity couldn't tell which way the wind was blowing. Did you want to see the sexton?" he added pointedly, whereat that functionary discreetly took his leave.

"Frederick Brigham!" she began bravely, but suddenly the tears came, and she began to sob. He watched her covertly for a moment and finally decided to risk an arm about her.

"Perhaps I'm useful after all," he suggested.

"You are! Oh, you are!" she said wildly.

"To you?" he hinted.

"Of course," she said, clinging to him.

Early Ideas About Hair.

All the ancient philosophers held various theories regarding the growth of the hair, its nature, etc. In the hair and nails certain superstitions founded on these conceptions. The early writers on the makeup of the human body almost invariably refer to the hair as being an excrement fed on substances similar to itself. They supposed that it generated in the fuliginous parts of the blood, was exhaled by the heat of the body, becoming firm and fibrous upon being exposed to the air, just as the fluid of the spider web does. In these days every idea respecting the growth and character of hair is changed. It is now agreed that every hair properly and truly lives and receives its nutriment from the body. True, they take upon themselves the nature of parasitic plants. They grow as vegetation does, yet each has, as it were, a distinct life and economy. That they derive their existence from the juices of the body there is no doubt, but that food is not taken from the nutritious juices, for we know that hair will thrive even though the body starve or be wasted by disease, or even after the animal life has ceased to exist in the flesh or skin to which it is attached.

Scared the Princes.

Years ago four New Zealand princes visited England. A friendly Englishman entertained them at lunch. The four princes ate fourteen pounds of roast beef and promised to tattoo the face of their host in return for his kindness. The after proceedings were equally felicitous until the master of the house produced a case of stuffed lizards. With shrieks and yells the warriors rushed from the house like deer, leaped the wall of the garden and those of adjoining ones. A drawing room window was open. Shrieking in fear and indignation, they made for this and at a bound were through it. There sat an elderly lady knitting stockings. She was frightened nearly out of her wits by the invasion. The terrified princes had never before seen anything like that which had alarmed them. The lizards simply represented devils to them, and they were anxious not to remain in such company.

Poetry.

Poetry does not mean only the clothing of beautiful thoughts in harmonious language; it means also the spiritualizing of life, the tingeing every common object with the warm sunshine of sympathy and love. Just as on rainy days the slush and grimy mud are swept away and put on one side, so the sunshiny nature will naturally dismiss all mean and sordid thoughts and turn to what is true and noble and pure, as the sunflower turns to the face of its god.

There would not be so many open months, if others were not so many open mouths.—Hall.

FARE OF THE GREAT.

The Favorite Dishes of Some Famous Men and Women.

Queen Victoria is said to have given mutton the preference in the line of meats, and was nowise offended if offered the cold shoulder.

Queen Elizabeth was very fond of roast goose. She was dining on this when the good news was brought her on Michaelmas day that the Spanish fleet had been driven back. And ever since that time goose is the English feast of St. Michael, as the turkey is to our Thanksgiving day.

Henry VIII. was extremely fond of beans and imported a French gardener to raise them, as in his day they were only used by the upper classes—"a dish to set before the king."

Napoleon's favorite dish was bean salad, much cheaper in his time, but equally good.

Louis XV. was "extravagantly" fond of a dish made of the eggs of various birds, which cost $12.

George Eliot, while at Brookbank, used frequently to walk over to the farm where she purchased her vegetables and chat with the farmer's wife on gardening and buttermaking, who was somewhat surprised at the great novelist's conversation on such homely topics and afterward remarked: "It were wonderful, just wonderful, the sight o' green peas that I send down to that gentleman and lady every week." This was the summer "Middlemarch" was written.

George Sand not only liked sauces, but excelled in making them.

Lincoln, in the days when he did his own marketing, often stopped at a certain shop for his favorite gingerbread. He used to say, "It swells up and makes me feel as if I had had something."

Stonewall Jackson delighted in buckwheat cakes in season and out of season.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was fond of pie, especially that made of plums, which he called the fruit of paradise.

Dr. Holmes, on the contrary, said of the peach, "When nature has delivered it to us in its perfection we forget all the lesser fruits, and if not found by the river of life an earth born spirit might be forgiven for missing it."

Charles Sumner's private secretary tells of the statesman's sweet tooth for chocolate creams.

Andrew Jackson surrendered to ice cream at first taste when Mrs. Alexander Hamilton introduced it into Washington and swore his usual oath, "By the Eternal!" he would have it at the White House, and he did—at the next reception.

Washington was noted for his fondness for hickory nuts, and the amount he could consume.—What to Eat.

The Lord High Constable.

The lord high constable of England was an official of high rank in olden times. The name is a contraction of comes stabuli, count of the stable, or, as we should now say, master of the horse. His functions were partly military, partly judicial and partly civil.

It became a hereditary office to the Staffords, by one of whom, the Duke of Buckingham, it was forfeited in 1521 for high treason, and has never been revived, save for special occasions, such as a coronation. This office still exists in Scotland, and is reserved for the lords of Errol. The present constable of the Tower of Lower, Windsor, and Edinburgh castles is the duke of Wellington, who is the fourteenth holder of the office since it was first created.

Royal Riddles.

Queen Anne of England and her husband George, prince of Denmark, had great similarity of taste. The two subjects that interested them most were horses and dinner. A Jacobite allusion to these pardonable weaknesses runs thus:

There's Mary the daughter, there's Willy the cheater,
There's Geordie the drinker, there's Annie the eater.

That King George II. of England was not popular with his subjects is evident from the following epigrams which was published in London on the death of Queen Caroline:

O cruel death! Why hast thou been unkind
To take our queen and leave our king behind?

Preferred a Bird in the Hand.

"Mr. Heavyweight," said the minister, "is willing to subscribe $10,000 for a new church provided we can get other subscriptions making up the same amount."

"Yes, I was in hopes he would contribute a hundred dollars in cash."—Brooklyn Life.

Imagination Runs Riot.

"But," the publisher complained, "the chief characters in your story are a man and a woman who go on making love to each other for years and years after they are married."

"Well," the young novelist replied, "you must remember this is a work of fiction."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Only to the Inexperienced.

Miss June—You are married, Mrs. March, and you ought to know. Do you believe in love at first sight? Mrs. March (looking grimly at Mr. M.)—Well, I think it can happen once.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

No Risk.

Fond Father—Heaven bless you, sir, for rescuing my daughter from a watery grave. Think of the risk you ran. Life Saver—No risk at all, sir; I'm married.—Milwaukee News.

Too much effort to increase our happiness transforms it into misery.—Rousseau.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

THREE FAMOUS PIONEERS.

Fine Pictures of Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett and Kit Carson.

In his book, "The Way to the West," Emerson Hough gives sketches of three famous pioneers. Of Daniel Boone he says: "Boone was neither a tall nor a thin man. He was not angular or bony. His frame was covered not with cloying fat, but with firm and easily playing muscles, and he carried none of the useless tissue of the man of civilization. His weight was 'about 175 pounds.' Audubon, who met him late in his life, says: 'He approached the gigantic in stature. His chest was broad and prominent and his muscular powers were visible in every limb. His countenance gave indication of his great courage, enterprise and perseverance.' Yet in person Boone did not quite reach the six foot mark, but was just below five feet ten inches in stature, some say five feet eight inches, being therefore of exactly that build which good judges of men esteem to be most desirable for combined strength, activity and endurance. He was rather broad shouldered; that is to say, his shoulders nicely overhung his hips. All agree that he was of robust and powerful proportions."

Davy Crockett when he was first elected to congress is described as a "finely proportioned man, about six feet high, forty-five years of age, of very frank, pleasing and open countenance." He was dressed in homespun and wore a black fur cap on his head when seen by a traveler who called at his house. Going thus into public life he began to show "an unusual strength of mind and a memory almost miraculous." Uncultured, ignorant, terribly handicapped by lack of training and opportunity, he overcame it all. In Washington he won national popularity. "We see in the Crockett of 1824," says Hough, "a figure not approached by any other American statesman so nearly as by that other rugged westerner, Abraham Lincoln."

Kit Carson was a grandson of Daniel Boone and was born in 1809. Hough describes him as follows: "Five feet six, with twinkling, blue-gray eyes, a large and well developed head, with hair sandy and well brushed back, Kit Carson at his best was the reverse of impressive. He was simple, peaceable and quiet in the position, temperate and strictly moral in a time and place where these qualities made one a marked man. Yet throughout the length and breadth of the Indian country this little man was more feared, single and alone, than any other trapper or Indian fighter in all the west. He was respected as well as feared."

To Be Ironed.

Mr. Trooner—Where on earth is my new silk hat? I've looked everywhere for it. His Bride (sweetly)—You said you wanted it ironed, dear, so I have sent it to the laundry.

Caught the Idea.

Blusterby (to friend)—So you mean to say that I'm a liar? Blisser—I hope that I would not do so unnecessarily a thing. But I see you catch my idea.

CONSTIPATION CURED.

A Barrytown, N. Y., Man's Experience with the new medicine Cal-cura Solvent.

Small Bottle sent free by mail.

Constipation leads to worse. Often it is the cause of appendicitis. Always it leads to dangerous chronic disease. It should not be neglected, nor should it be temporarily relieved with drastic purgatives. Here is a case in point:

Mr. C. S. Osterhoudt, of Barrytown, N. Y., was distressed with indigestion, chronic constipation and kidney trouble for four years. He tried many medicines without relief. He heard of Cal-cura Solvent, Dr. Kennedy's new medicine, used it and began to improve rapidly. All of his old complaints have disappeared and he owes everything to Cal-cura Solvent.

Remember, Cal-cura Solvent cures 98% of all cases of Kidney, Bladder and Liver disorders. You may have a free sample bottle of this wonderful medicine, and descriptive booklet, by simply sending your name and address to The Cal-cura Company, Kennedy Bldg., Rondout, N. Y. Large bottles $1.00 (only one size)—all druggists, or if they do not have it, send to the above proprietors.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $45,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts
respectfully solicited

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UNDERTAKING

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASS

SMETHPORT, PA.

Housekeepers, Attention!

We have a generous offer to make to the ladies who wish to complete their housecleaning in a thoroughly effective and sanitary manner.

We have a spleddid Formaldehyde Generator which we will lend to purchasers of one jar or more of Leninger's Solidified Formaldehyde.

It clears the air of all germs and makes your home atmosphere pure and sweet.

1 jar Formaldehyde, 75c.

Small household generator with 1 jar Formaldehyde given free, $1.00, or we will lend large generator.

Extremely simple, no trouble to use, perfectly harmless and efficient.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist,
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always head quarters.

J. F. ROONEY Smethport, Pa.

Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

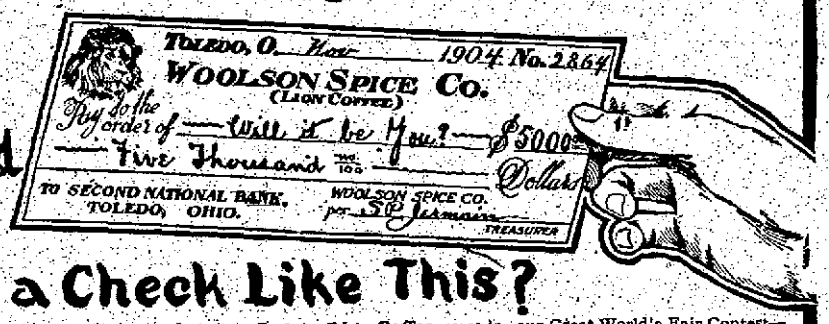
$50,000.00

CASH GIVEN AWAY to Users of

LION COFFEE

In Addition to the Regular Free Premiums

How Would You Like a Check Like This?



We Have Awarded $20,000.00 Cash to *Lion Coffee* users in our Great World's Fair Contest—2139 people get checks, 2139 more will get them in the

Presidential Vote Contest

Five Lion-Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2-cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote. The 2-cent stamp covers our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded. You can send as many estimates as desired.

Grand First Prize of $5,000.00

will be awarded to the one who is nearest correct on both our World's Fair and Presidential Vote Contests.

We also offer $5,000.00 Special Cash Prizes to Grocer Clerks. (Particulars in each case of Lion Coffee.)

What will be the total popular vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904?

In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

1	First Prize		$2,500.00
1	Second Prize		1,000.00
2	Prizes—$500.00	each	1,000.00
5	Prizes— 200.00	"	1,000.00
10	Prizes— 100.00	"	1,000.00
20	Prizes— 50.00	"	1,000.00
50	Prizes— 20.00	"	1,000.00
250	Prizes— 10.00	"	2,500.00
1800	Prizes— 5.00	"	9,000.00
2139	PRIZES,	TOTAL,	$20,000.00

How Would Your Name Look on One of These Checks?

Everybody uses coffee. If you will use *LION COFFEE* long enough to get acquainted with it, you will be suited and convinced there is no other such value for the money. Then you will take no other—and that's why we advertise. And we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your *Lion Heads* we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your *Lion Heads*

WE GIVE BOTH FREE PREMIUMS AND CASH PRIZES

Complete Detailed Particulars in Every Package of

LION COFFEE

WOOLSON SPICE CO., (CONTEST DEPT.) TOLEDO, OHIO.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, there fore your patronage is solicited.

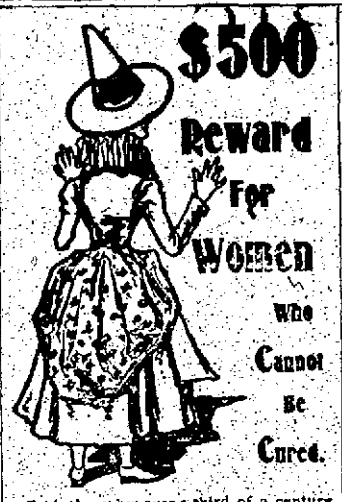
M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.



$500 Reward For Women Who Cannot Be Cured.

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay $500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

"I used four bottles of your Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mrs. Elmer D. Shearer, of Mount Hope, Lancaster Co., Pa., "and can say that I am cured of that dreaded disease, uterine trouble. Am in better health than ever before. Everyone who knows me is surprised to see me look so well. In June I was so poor in health that at times I could not walk. To-day I am proud I tell everybody that Dr. Pierce's medicines cured me."

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE BIG STORE

Will offer for the next 30 days special bargains in Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Screen Doors, Window Screens, Haying Tools, Mason and Royal Fruit Jars, Jelly Glasses, Hot Plates and Ovens, a full line of Hardware, Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Cutlery, etc., at prices below competition. . . .

JOHN C. HAMLIN

YELLOW TRADING STAMPS.

The Bean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 4, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—School begins three weeks from Monday.

—Hot weather hardware is advertised by Holmes & Gilfillan this week.

—Note change in advertisement of the Westbrook Commercial Academy in this issue.

—B. E. Abbey, the genial express and baggageman, has a pretty new delivery wagon.

—Bargains in millinery and ladies' furnishings are offered by Mrs. A. E. Hinman in this issue.

—Fruit and garden truck are advertised by Elwood Gaskin in his new advertisement this week. He carries a first class line.

—Mrs. E. R. Baker very pleasantly entertained the Picnic Club in the grove at the rear of her West Main street residence last Friday.

—Prepare for teacher's examination at Edinboro Normal. Every student recommended to State Board passed. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—Coudersport is making great preparations for Potter county's centennial celebration, which will be held in that town Aug. 9, 10 and 11.

—The Lindholm Co. is advertising a great August clearance sale both in this issue and with large posters. The sale commences tomorrow and lasts until the 18th inst. and the liberal prices offered and the past reputation of these sales will make this one very popular.

—C. A. Larabee died at his home in Coudersport last week, aged 60 years. Mr. Larabee was formerly a resident of Port Allegany and had many friends in this county. He was a soldier of the War of the Rebellion and one of the instirtuters of the Henry Metcalf Post of Port Allegany.

—At Toledo, Ernest Case has been in a trance since a week ago Friday. His comatose condition is invariably interrupted if his Bible is removed from under his pillow. No matter how quietly this is done he will presently arouse as if in pain and will, without apparently regaining consciousness, make his way to the Book, no matter where it may be hidden, and replace it under the pillow in his bed. He will then relapse into the trance. This case is authenticated, but has not yet been explained.

Playing Cards.

The invention of playing cards has been attributed to the Chinese, Hindoos, Arabians and Romans, but cards as now used were invented by Jacques Gringonneur, a painter, in Paris in the fourteenth century. They were supposed to have been first made for the amusement of Charles VI. of France, who was deranged. The French had particular names for the twelve court cards. The four kings were David, Alexander, Caesar and Charles; the four queens, Angine, Esther, Judith and Pallas; the four knaves, or knights, Ogier the Dane, Lancelot, La Hire and Hector de Garland. Cards seem originally, however, to have been taken to England direct from Spain, having probably been introduced into that country by the Moors; the clubs in Spanish cards not being trefoils, as with us, but cudgels—that is, bastos—the spades, or swords, espadas. They were at first stamped from wood blocks in outline and filled in by hand, but after the invention of engraving the best artists engraved them on copper and struck them off at once. Columbines were spades; rabbits, clubs; pinks, diamonds, and roses, hearts. Human figures opposed to those of flowers and animals were the ancestors of court cards.

The Chimney Swift.

One of the popular errors concerning the chimney swift is the belief that it is a swallow, and it is called the chimney swallow by nine-tenths of the people. As a matter of fact, however, it is not even closely related to the swallows, being much more nearly akin to the humming birds and the goatsuckers. Like birds of the latter class, swifts feed on insects which they capture on the wing. Their powers of flight are marvelous, while on foot they are practically helpless. Their wings have been developed to a wonderful degree, but their feet, through disuse, have become weak and quite useless for purposes of locomotion. Their toe nails are sharp, however, and enable them to cling securely to the inside of a chimney, and when, for any reason, a nest gives way and falls down, as it often does, the young birds, if not too small, scramble up to the top of the chimney to be fed by their parents until they are able to shift for themselves.—Washington Star.

The Exception.

"I am getting up a subscription list for the relief of the poor. Can't you put your family down, sir?"

"Madam, since you ask a personal question, I don't mind telling you that I can put 'em all down, except my wife's mother."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Walking on the Ceiling.

Few people probably know what it is that enables flies to walk on the ceiling. It has been supposed that their ability to do so was due to the fact that each of their feet is a miniature air pump. This theory was found to be unsound, and it was then explained that the feat was made possible by means of a viscous substance which exuded from the hairs on their feet. This theory also was abandoned as being only partly acceptable for the facts, and the preferred explanation is that flies are enabled to walk upside down on smooth substances by the help of capillary adhesion. An investigator has found by a series of nice calculations, such as the weighing and measuring of hairs, that a fly would be upheld by capillary attraction were it four-ninths as heavy again as it is. Each fly is supposed to be furnished with from 10,000 to 12,000 minute foot hairs. These exude an oily fluid, and it is because of the repulsion between a watery surface and this oily fluid that a fly finds it difficult to mount a dampened glass.—Harper's Weekly.

Spotted It All.

A farmer went to hear John Wesley preach. Wesley said he would take up three topics of thought. He was talking chiefly about money. His first was, "Get all you can." The farmer nudged a neighbor and said: "This is strange preaching. I never heard the like before. This is very good." Then Wesley discoursed on "Industry," "Activity," "Living to Purpose," and reached his second division, "Save all you can." The farmer became more excited. "Was there ever anything like this?" he said. Wesley denounced thriftlessness and waste, and he satirized the willful wickedness which lurches in luxury, and the farmer rubbed his hands, and he thought, "All this I have been taught from my youth up," and what with getting and what with hoarding it seemed to him that "salvation" had come to his house. But Wesley advanced to his third head, which was "Give all you can." "Ah, dear, ah, dear," said the farmer; "he has gone and spoiled it all!"

Heliotropism.

Heliotropism is the peculiar property shown by many plants, notably the sunflower, of always turning toward the sun. In the case of seedlings the phenomenon is especially marked. The cells on the light side are apparently retarded in growth, thus causing a curvature toward that side. Professor Rommies experimented with an intermittent light, such as that of an electric spark discharge, upon mustard seedlings and found the heliotropic effect produced in this way far greater than that caused by the sun or any other form of light. Strange to say, however, this abnormal influence is unaccompanied by the generation of phlorophyll, the green coloring matter in plants which requires sunshine for its proper production.—Pall Mall Gazette.

First English Letter.

The oldest letter written in English of which there is record was that to Sir John Pelham in London by his wife, who was then in Kent. That letter is dated March 22, 1399, and was sent to London by messenger.

Up to the commencement of the reign of Edward I., all letters, even of the most private nature, were written in Latin. About the time of Edward's accession, French, which had been the spoken language of the court from the time of the conquest, began to be used in written correspondence. In the reign of Edward III., the English language, in pursuance of an act of parliament, was made the language of legislation.

Bobby Burns and the Mayor.

On one occasion, arriving at Carlisle on horseback, Bobby Burns is said to have turned his steed out to grass for awhile, and the animal strayed on to a meadow belonging to the corporation and got impounded. Although the horse was given up to him, the poet retaliated upon the mayor, whose tenure of office was to expire on the very morrow of the incident, as follows:

Was e'er puir poet sae befitted?
The maister drunk—the horse committed!
Puir harmless beast, tak' thee nae care;
Thou'lt be a horse when he's nae mair (mayor).

Sure to Be Overfed.

"Ah, doctor, glad to meet you," said Mr. Forsyte. "I wish you'd drop around to the house at about 9 this evening."

"None of the children sick, I hope?"

"No. But they will be when they get back from their grandmother's. They're there for supper."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Delicate Scorn.

"I observe that you invariably praise your rivals," said one actress.

"Yes," answered the other. "It's the wisest thing to do. It sounds magnanimous and also conveys the impression that you do not consider them worth being jealous of."—Washington Star.

Chance For a Fortune.

A would be grateful public is waiting to reward the man who will invent a car window that can always be opened easily in summer, but can only be opened by consent of the majority in winter.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Economical.

Husband—You are not economical. Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is like.—Glasgow Times.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.—Longfellow.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

One of the oldest and best Colleges in the country. Good traditions. Strong faculty. Healthful and attractive situation, beautifully wooded campus. Commodious buildings. Adequate equipment. Five courses of study. Over fifty Elective courses offered. Only Phi Beta Kappa College in Western Pennsylvania. Moral and religious tone healthful and wholesome. Expenses unusually moderate. Help for needy students with good brains. Fall term opens September 20. Write President William H. Crawford, Meadville, Pa.

The Color of Man.

The color of the skin in the various races of man has never yet been scientifically accounted for, although numerous mythological stories have been told and senseless theories advanced as reasons for the remarkable variations in hue. Nor have we any certain data concerning the color of the cuticle of the primeval man, the original "lord of creation." A pretty African legend is that he was as black as the proverbial ace of spades and that the present white color of the Caucasian race is the result of the scare God gave Adam at the time of the fall.

It is proper to state here that this same legend says that the present black race are descendants of one of Adam's sons that was born and left Eden before the great change in color overtook our first parents. The Chinese believe that the original man was a creature half god and half man and that his color came about as a result of bathing in a river of liquid gold. The Mussulmans, the American Indians and several oriental tribes, all in a manner account for their prevailing red color in a like way by telling the story of the Great Being creating the first pair from red kaolin, the common pipe clay of the potter shops.

Best Selling Book In the World.

The Bible is the best-selling book in the world. It leads and by a long interval all other publications in copies purchased in the ordinary channels of trade without regard to what may be called the official distribution.

Every bookstore which undertakes to carry a full line of stock sells the Bible. Several important corporations confine themselves to the manufacture and sale of Bibles, and others find in the Bible their leading feature. Of no other book can this be said. Speaking some time ago of the insatiable demand for the Bible as an article of merchandise, an officer of the Methodist Book Concern said: "Like all publishers, we have to keep watch of the sale of books in general, even the most popular, so as not to get overstocked. But this never occurs in printing the Bible. We just keep the presses steadily at work, and if we happen to find that we have 40,000 or 50,000 copies on hand it gives us no uneasiness. We are sure to sell them, and we go straight ahead printing."—Century.

The Dirtiest People In the World.

With possible exceptions in the cases of Tibet and Lapland we are compelled to admit that the English working classes are probably the dirtiest people in the world, alike in their clothes and in their persons, and that they display themselves in public and even travel by public conveyances in conditions which would not be tolerated in any other civilized country.

Nothing like English working class dirt is ever seen in public on the continent of Europe unless in its far eastern portions, and dirt is prejudicial to health not only by its direct physical operation, but, in a still greater degree, by reason of the absence of self respect which it entails and which removes from the dirty man or woman at least one safeguard against drunkenness and against misconduct.—London Lancet.

Asparagus.

Asparagus, deservedly a favorite vegetable, was extensively cultivated by the ancient Romans, but was not introduced into England before 1660. In some parts of Europe the seeds are used as substitute for coffee, and a spirituous liquor is made from the ripe berries. Asparagus is both lithic and diuretic, and its roots used to be extensively used in medicine. In some old recipe books directions are given for boiling asparagus one hour, but this is a great mistake—twenty or thirty minutes is long enough to cook it sufficiently—but there was one suggestion worth following. Instead of cutting off the white parts it advised that they be broken, saying that if they were too tough to break they were unfit to eat.

Sheep Sorrel Pie.

A Kansas editor pays tribute to the sheep sorrel pie, which was one of the luxuries of primitive Kansas. "It was dried apple pie from December until grass, or until the squaws came around with wild gooseberries. But, happy thought, with the coming of the johnny jumpup came sheep sorrel, and, with sorghum sweetening, what lovely pies were made! Corn bread and Missouri bacon, sorghum and buttermilk, with a quarter section of sheep sorrel pie to finish up! Kansas people of this day and generation don't know what real good living is."

On the Pyramids.

It is said that Richard Harding Davis once made a joke about the pyramids that is still repeated at Shepheard's hotel, the fashionable hostelry of Cairo. Mr. Davis was studying the pyramids, and a guide approached and said to him:

"It took hundreds of years to build them monuments, sir."

"A government job, eh?" said the novelist.

Pleasant Anticipations.

"Why can't you marry me? It's true I'm not enormously rich, still I have an income plenty big enough to support us nicely."

"Yes, but think how ridiculously small the alimony allowed out of it will be."—Town Topics.

Not What He Meant.

"So you really think that dogs sometimes possess more intelligence than their masters?"

"Certainly. I've got one myself that does!"

If the people who know us best did not deceive us pretty often we should consider them disagreeable.—Puck.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

GOT EVERYBODY GUESSING.

Business World is Asking How It is That a Corning, N. Y., Concern Can Sell Choice Family Groceries Cheaper Than All Competitors—The Real Reason.

Grocer—to former customer: "How is it, Mr. Wright, that I don't get your trade any more?"

Mr. W.: "Well, to be frank, I am now buying this Signature Line from Brown over here as you don't keep them. My wife sent and got the catalog of a big Corning concern and we spent about a week o' evenings studying it. It stated that this concern had been handling choice groceries, teas, coffees, household supplies, etc., for more 'n 40 years. It said that their long experience had prepared them to handle goods at the least expense and their big capital enabled them to buy large quantities of merchandise for the least money. Then it went on to tell how they had originated what they call 'Signature Brands' of groceries. This 'Signature' business kind o' bothered Mandy and me at first, but Cora—that's our eldest daughter, who had just graduated from the High school—explained that the 'Signature Brands' are choice family groceries put up in sealed packages by this firm. This, she said, guarantees both quantity and quality and absolute cleanliness. The firm's name is written across their seal on each package and stands for quality and character in the goods. These signatures are to be saved, 40 each one is valuable according to the amount of goods one buys. For instance, eight signatures cut from packages of Old Holland Coffee the firm puts up are equal to 400 points. These points are accepted in payment for any one of a list of 300 premiums. Thus each signature is valuable."

Grocer: "What's the name of this concern?"

Mr. W.: "C. R. Maltby Company of Corning, N. Y."

Grocer: "You ought to have experience enough by this time to know that they add the cost of those premiums to the price of the goods they sell."

Mr. W.: "It's natural for you, being in the same line o' business, to think that way. We did too, at first, but seein' as how we actually get better and more tea, coffee, flour, etc., in these 'Signature Brands,' we had to change our minds. Since we got these groceries cheaper 'n we ever got any before, Mandy 'lows that the premiums in silverware, cut-glass, chinaware, furniture, etc., are purty convenient things to have and are clear gain. These we get in exchange for the signature which is written on each package."

Grocer: "Somebody has to pay for those premiums and the chances are they are a snide lot anyway."

Mr. W.: "We were suspicious of them at first, but in their catalog it said that every article had been carefully selected and is of standard value and many of them are made specially for The C. R. Maltby Company. We asked our bank about this house and they told us there is none better and that their word is as good as their bond. We then began to use their 'Signature Brand' of groceries; we sent in the signatures and got a set o' silverware and other things and they are as pretty as a big, red apple and have never tarnished. By using their goods exclusively, the signatures accumulate rapidly and we get a lot of premiums."

Grocer: "You seem to have been studying this question of getting high-class groceries for the least money."

Mr. W.: "Yes, and there are others. The time is here when the women folks are going to buy where they can get the best goods for the least money. Don't you forget it!"

For sale by Gallup Grocery Company, Smethport, and G. W. King, East Smethport.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

BARGAINS.

Black Cat Stockings for Boys and Girls are good values at 15 and 25c per pair.

Malta Vita at 10c a package is a bargain.

F. S. Flour contains 49 lbs. of satisfaction, together with the finest produced. Try it.

Chase & Sanborn's coffee from 13c lb. to 35c are standard values.

Can corn is high and scarce We have some best brands of York State pack at 12½ can.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

SPRING SHOES.

Spring is surely coming—don't be discouraged.

You will find new

FOOTWEAR

and we have the most complete line ever brought to Smethport for Women, Men and Children.

All Styles. All Sizes.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to E. H. Nourse.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annuum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. HACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 4, 1904.

THE danger of a strike of the anthracite coal miners is over.

E. PORTER PELLET, United States consul at Barranquilla, Columbia, died there on Monday. The deceased was 70 years of age and a well known newspaper man.

THE Federal grand jury in New York has done the right thing in indicting the captain and the two steamboat inspectors who were in part responsible for the loss of 1,000 lives on the steamboat, General Slocum. But the owners of the vessel should not be allowed to escape. They were also responsible and should be held to account for the disaster.

THE Kentucky Gazette, a Democratic newspaper of much influence, published in Louisville, denounces the famous Parker telegram as a cheap political trick and calls the recent Democratic convention at St. Louis a gigantic fraud. That is what many other Democratic papers believe, but they are "regular" and therefore not outspoken as to their true convictions.

THE President of Hayti, accuses the foreign population of plotting against his government with the intention of overthrowing it, and has practically threatened to murder every white person in the republic. President Nord made a threatening reference to "What happened in Hayti in 1804," when the whole white population, numbering 2,500, was massacred.

MRS. MILES, wife of Gen. Nelson A. Miles, died of heart disease at West Point Monday night, aged 63 years. She and Gen. Miles had been visiting their son, Sherman, who is a student at the academy and was in her usual health until a short time before her death. Mrs. Miles was the daughter of Judge Charles Sherman and a niece of the late Senator John Sherman of Ohio and Gen. Wm. T. Sherman.

THE Democratic county committee met in Bradford yesterday and placed the following county ticket in nomination: For Member of Assembly, C. A. Korner of Dallas City and E. M. McDermott of Kane; for county treasurer, Hon. George C. Fagan of Bradford; coroner, Dr. J. H. Hall of Bradford. It is said that [illegible] be made on Mr. Fagan for county treasurer. However [illegible] this morning that Mr. Fagan had refused to accept the nomination, but the report has not been verified.

SECRETARY SHAW remarked recently that if the conditions of business this year should approximate those of 1894 there would be a deficit for the fiscal year of $90,000,000, as against the $70,000,000 actually reached in that year. This leads some free traders to assert that the secretary did not know that the Wilson tariff law was not in effect in the fiscal year of 1894. But the Democratic party was in power, and that was what the secretary had in mind. He knew that it would be impossible, even if the Democrats succeeded at the polls next November, for them to change the tariff in this fiscal year. But their success at the polls would paralyze business and stop imports, awaiting a lower tariff, just as was the case in 1894. It would mean deficit and disaster precisely as existed to such an alarming extent under Democratic rule in 1894.—Philadelphia Press.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 30, 1904.

Many people assembled at the R. R. station on Thursday evening last, at 6 o'clock, to catch a glimpse of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt upon the event of their mid-summer return to the capital. His speech of acceptance the day before, at Oyster Bay, has given general and genuine satisfaction to all Republicans, for its directness of statement, its sincerity, its modesty, and the manner in which were expressed his own views and the politics of the Republican party. As usual the President shook hands with the engineers who had brought him safely over the road, and was at once driven to the White House, fragrant with flowers, where dinner was immediately served. Yesterday many prominent politicians paid their respects, and the campaign being open, considerable information was made public. Senator Proctor of Vermont, who is not all worried over the strike at his marble quarries, told the President the Green Mountain state would roll up a majority of 25,000; and that Secretary Wilson of the Dept. of Agriculture, and Speaker Cannon, will take the stump about the middle of August. A better choice of speakers for the farmers of Vermont could hardly be made. [illegible] and Cannon are much [illegible] earnest and impressive. [illegible] Howard, who also [illegible] told the President [illegible] during this campaign as he did for McKinley in 1896.

A Cabinet meeting was held at 11 o'clock yesterday, all the ministers being present except Hay, Taft and Hitchcock. These gentlemen will return to town in season for the important meeting which is to be held next week. Postmaster Gen. Payne appeared to be in excellent health and spirits. He is perfectly confident that Wisconsin will be found in the Republican column. Secretary Shaw will not call upon the national banks for their Government deposits. He has $18,000,000 and thinks that it is a good working balance. Secretary Morton discussed with the President who should be made chief of the Bureau of Navagation in place of Admiral Taylor who died a few days ago. The names of Robley D. Evans and Capt. Davis have been mentioned in connection with the vacancy. The Secretary has ordered the American fleet, now in European waters, to return home, and it may be expected about Sept. 1. Early in August Secretary Morton contemplates visiting the navy yards, from Norfolk to Portsmouth, N. H. He will make the trip in the Dolphin and take his family with him.

Nearly every young man of social position in Washington expects to serve two or three years in the National Guard of the District, and reach at least the grade of First Lieutenant. For the past week there has been much activity at the local armories making ready for the encampment at Harper's Ferry, which will continue from Aug. 1st to the 13th. The camp is near the junction of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers, and there will be an excellent opportunity to learn the art of swimming. The departure of the boys for Virginia reminds your correspondent of a unique incident which he witnessed at the beginning of the war with Spain. Suddenly all the District militia was ordered to go into camp in the grounds of the Soldier's Home, some three miles north of the city. Their departure was witnessed by an immense crowd which assembled in the vicinity of the Center Market Armory. There was the usual weeping, kissing and handshaking, for some thought the boys would soon be on the battle field. They tramped up to Seventh street to the grounds of the Home, only to find the gates locked and admittance refused. Finally the old soldier on guard let them inside. The were no preparations for sleeping on the sodden turf, no tents; no bed; nothing to eat. For one night the boys slept under a wet moon, with the sky for a blanket, and mosquitoes for companions. The next day they came back to town, band playing and flags flying, disgusted and disgruntled. Quite a number of resignations followed. They doubted the wisdom of going to war with officers capable of making war so cruel.

When the late William C. Whitney was Secretary of the Navy, and kept open house on K street, entertaining lavishly, and treating all his servants very generously, as well as kindly in [illegible] the employes of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Annual
August Clearance Sale.

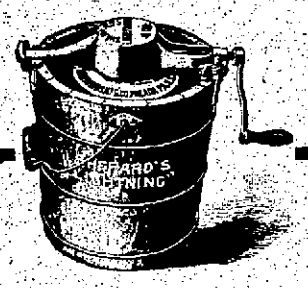
Begins Friday, Aug. 5, Ends Saturday, Aug. 13.

To make room for fall goods we place on sale all seasonable goods, broken lots and many staple lines at a fraction of their actual value.

See large circulars for prices and if you don't get one a postal will bring one by return mail.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

DRY GOODS CARPETS SHOES CLOAKS



THE BEST ICE CREAM FREEZER

SHEPARD'S LIGHTNING is the best freezer in practical use, because convenient, compact in size, uses smallest amount of ice and salt, runs easily, freezes quickly, produces smoothly frozen cream with little bother and less work. They last longer because pails are of cedar with electric welded hoops. The cans are made of heavy tinplate with drawn steel bottoms. The automatic twin scrapers by their positive action insures quick results. Don't be talked into buying any other freezer. There is none so good. A special price on the 4 quart.

Redfield's Hardware

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

The fishing season ended last Saturday.

—Bradford now has an automobile livery.

—"Zeke" McCabe is assisting the Austin baseball team at Kane today.

—Ground-hog hunting is the popular pastime for many Smethport nimrods.

—Warner's Business College begins Aug. 29. Summer school is now in session.

—The Smethport ball team will play a league game at Mt. Jewett tomorrow afternoon.

—The members of the P. H. C. will hold a basket picnic in the hose house next Tuesday.

—Fry & Comes are advertising a lace sale this week and offer some real attractive bargains.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett advertises that she will close out her stock of hardware at greatly reduced prices.

—It is reported that the Coryville baseball team defeated the Port Allegany team at Coryville last Saturday.

—William H. Taylor of Turtle Point, who recently attempted suicide by shooting himself, died from his wounds last week. He was 89 years of age.

—St. Luke's choir rendered Gounod's sacred cantata, "Gallia," last Sunday evening in a faultless manner before a good sized congregation. The solos were ably taken by Mrs. J. F. Olmsted.

—Work has been commenced on a country club house which is to be erected on lands adjacent to Daly brook. The building is to be a pleasant little cottage and the owners are Smethport parties.

—Jeremiah Dennison, aged 79 years, died at his home in Bradford Thursday morning of last week. He leaves to mourn his loss four daughters, and one son, Editor D. A. Dennison of the Bradford Era.

—"The Model Prayer for the Great Human Family of God" is the topic of a series of sermons to be given on successive Sunday mornings at the Methodist church. The special topic in this series for next Sunday morning is "Recognition of the Father."

—Earnest Root, who formerly conducted a blacksmith shop in Smethport, [illegible] Olean, N. Y., [illegible] carbolic acid [illegible] Root's hand [illegible] the middle finger [illegible] over [illegible] five for the act.

—Robert E. Pattison, whose death is so widely mourned, was an honorary member of the Exempt Firemen's Association of Bradford and when on his visit to this city he was a guest of the organization. At the meeting [illegible] a jolly [illegible] Bradford Era.

—Edward Ames, who claims to be from Bradford, is under arrest at Jamestown, charged with attempting to throw his wife out of a window. The woman also avers that he tried to make certain incisions in her person by means of a razor. Ames was a barber. —Bradford Era.

—The hotel men of this county have been informed that they may keep their bars open for business until 11:30 p. m. hereafter. They have also been told that at that time the bars must be closed until 5:30 a. m. the following day, and that absolutely no intoxicants may be served between the hours named.

—At St. Luke's Church on next Sunday the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. The lesson for the day is on "Blindness to One's Peace." There will be a selection of anthems at the evening service. On Saturday, Aug. 6th, the Feast of the Transfiguration, there will be services at 10:30 a. m.

—The extreme heat last Sunday was not as oppressive as it might have been at the Methodist church in the evening, owing to the fact that there was little heat from lights as the stereopticon makes the usual light unnecessary. Scenes in the ministry of Christ as portrayed by Tissot will be presented next Sunday evening.

—More Warner Business College graduates get positions. Lewis Bloom with Tuna Brick Co. Anna Davidson with Levine Grocery. Mr. Gilvray with Charcoal Co. Leon Bissell with Goodrich Co., Buffalo, Lou Phillips with Cash Grocery. Ida Morgan with Beamus Lumber Co., Kate Gorman with Rogers Co., Martha Smith with Barr Lumber Co.

—The Misses Lena Johnson and Amanda Anderson gave a lawn party at the home of Chas. Johnson on East Main street Saturday evening that was one of the most enjoyable social events of the season. About 60 guests were in attendance and all passed a very pleasant evening. Elegant refreshments were served. Guests were present from Port Allegany, Clermont, Crosby and Ormsby.

—The annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the M. E. chapel, Wed., August 10, at 2 o'clock. Reports of the years work will be given, and officers for the coming year elected. [illegible] Superintendent [illegible] will follow the business.

—The dwelling house of Charles J. Morris at No. 4 Corneu street, Bradford, was totally destroyed by fire early this morning. Some of the family had narrow escapes from being burned to death. Loss $2,000.

—Myron Rarick of Painter Run, Tioga county, was bitten by a rattlesnake while picking berries one day last week. Remembering the advice given him by his father the boy cut out a chunk of flesh around the wound on his ankle and bound a string around his leg above the bite. He suffered no ill effects from his thrilling experience and is now as well as ever.

—Sixty tickets were sold at Smethport yesterday for the Sunday school picnic at Riverhurst. The Sunday schools of Smethport, Eldred and Portville enjoyed a pleasant outing in the beautiful grove. A feature of the day's program was a baseball game between members of the Smethport party and a combination of Portville and Eldred visitors. Smethport was victorious by a score of 7 to 3.

—Four highwaymen, all heavily armed and two of them wearing masks, Monday night held up the passengers of the Illinois Central's Chicago and St. Louis express train, known as the "Diamond Special" on the outskirts of Chicago, as it neared Matteson, Ill. The robbers secured all the money and valuables carried by 30 passengers in the two Pullman sleeping cars, stopped the train and escaped in the darkness.

—The regular monthly meeting of the McKean County Medical Society was held Tuesday night at the office of Dr. A. M. Straight with a large attendance of members. Representatives were present from Kane, Mt Jewett and Smethport in addition to the local physicians and surgeons identified with the society. At the conclusion of the business session the visiting members were entertained with a luncheon.—Bradford Era.

—On account of the meeting and parades of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Volunteer Firemen's Association, at Warren, Pa., August 10 to 12, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Warren, August 9 to 12, good to return until August 14, inclusive, from all stations on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad division, west of and including Williamsport and from all stations on the Buffalo and Allegheny Valley division in the State of Pennsylvania, at rate of single fare for the round trip.

Killed the Dog.

Dan Reed of Hazelhurst, accompanied by his bulldog, drove to the Kinzua bridge Sunday, and after hitching the horse to a nearby tree, proceeded to enjoy the sights. During his absence some drunken imbecile amused himself and companions by teasing the horse until the animal had worked itself into a frenzy. Upon Mr. Reed's return he attempted to hitch the horse to the buggy, but in its frightened condition the animal feared to be parted from such a companion as the dog, and the attention of the bulldog was [illegible] the horse. [illegible] the dog's head, it was finally found necessary to shoot him in order to prevent serious damage to the horse.

This was the dog's second offense, having attacked A. W. Huff's horse at Hazelhurst some two weeks ago, and in a like manner, the dog evidently viewing the actions of the horse as an attack upon his master.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Banner Books Library.

W. B. Shomo of Punxsutawney is in town this week for the purpose of establishing a branch of the Banner Books Library in Smethport. As Mr. Shomo has not been able to see many people who would doubtless be interested in the establishment of this excellent library at this place, he wishes to announce that the books will be placed in L. K. Hogarth's drug store, and all who desire membership can make arrangements at that store. This is an excellent opportunity for book lovers. Through a system of payments aggregating $3.00 one can secure a life membership and by the payment of a small fee can have access to almost any work of science, history or fiction published. Once a member you are privileged to draw books in any town where library is established.

A Manager Wanted.

Business Proposition. An intelligent man or woman is wanted to take the county management of an established business in Clinton county. No canvassing. Work may be done evenings. Good pay to right party. Salary and commissions. If interested address.

The Grumiaux News Co.,
Ridgway, Pa.

Desirable Building Lots.

I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, MINER office.

Seventy-Five Positions.

Seventy-five graduates of Westbrook Academy have taken good positions the past year. Send for a list of the names.

A Successful School.

Westbrook Commercial and Shorthand Academy is one of the best. Its graduates are successful from the start.

Wanted.

A girl for general housework in a family of two. Apply at once to Mrs. Gaylard Patterson, Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

A good sized fire-proof safe and a sideboard in good condition. Further information furnished at this office.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Personal Mention.

Miss Belva Gerritt is visiting friends in Kane.

Miss Octavia Rayner is visiting Olean friends.

Guy B. Mayo had business in Kane on Monday.

E. W. Jones had business in Mt. Jewett Tuesday.

Attorney J. N. Apple had business in Bradford Tuesday.

Miss Rachel Mayo visited Coudersport friends last week.

Foster Sandbaine, wife and child, Olean, the first of the week.

Kenneth Mayo returned Saturday evening from Buffalo.

Arthur Bandies of Angelica, N. Y., was in town Tuesday.

Walter Hall of Port Allegany was a Sunday visitor in town.

F. G. Lindholm had business in Kane the first part of the week.

Miss Ruth Walker of Bradford is visiting Miss Ruth Forrest.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Backer of Olean visited in town this week.

Miss Clarabelle of Kane [illegible] guest of friends in town Sunday.

Otto J. Lindholm left yesterday [illegible] business visit to Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Morgan of Corydon are visiting in New York city.

Dr. W. L. McWilliams of Mt. Jewett spent Sunday with friends in town.

Mrs. Roy Gifford of Chicago was a guest of relatives in town this week.

Miss Lottie Fry of Buffalo is visiting at the home of her brother, S. L. Fry.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Lockwell and family are visiting relatives in Avoca, N. Y.

Miss Minnie Hibbard of Bradford was the guest of friends in town on Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Peterson returned Saturday from an extended visit in Canada.

Fred Musser, who is employed near Utica, N. Y., made a visit to his home over Sunday.

H. C. Wells visited Friendship and other New York state points during the week on a business mission.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Scudder of Jamestown, N. Y., were guests of friends in town the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Specht, son Frederick, and daughter, Edna, were at Niagara Falls this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Todd and children have returned from a month's sojourn on the shores of Chautauqua lake.

Miss Emma L. Duntley, who graduated recently from the Buffalo Hospital, is visiting her mother Mrs. C. J. Duntley.

Mrs. E. H. Briggs of Wellsboro is spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. John W. Bush on their farm at Maple Grove.

Samuel E. Dell was in Port Allegany and Bradford on business Monday and returned to his home in Coudersport. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bush returning to their Chicago University Oct. 1st.

C. M. Colegrove, W. F. Specht and E. W. Jones were at Ceres Monday to inquire into the propriety of dividing Ceres township into two election districts.

Mr. and Mrs. John Todd went to Port Allegany Wednesday to attend the wedding of Mr. Todd's nephew, Thomas Todd and Miss Maud Valentine, which occured in that place.

Mrs. George Shepard and daughter, Lorna, of Smethport were business visitors in this city Monday. Miss Shepard has secured the Skinner Creek school for the coming term, an assurance that they will have an excellent school up there.—Port Allegany Reporter.

SMETHPORT LYCEUM

Week Commencing

Monday, Aug. 8, 1904

FOURTH ANNUAL SEASON

Dilger-Cornell Co.

Appearing in a Strong Repertoire of New Plays.

Singing, Dancing, Illustrated Songs, Electric Dances and Music Act.

OPENING BILL

THE PRINCESS OF PATCHES

A Dollar Show for Little Money.

Prices 10 and 20c

MATINEE SATURDAY

Ladies admitted for 10c on Monday [illegible] Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y. [illegible] to 1 p. m. at Wells Bros. Store.

Boys' white, tan, kids and ladies' [illegible] from Humphrey Bros. Holmes & Gilfillan.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BELL 'PHONE — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

FRY & COMES

Successors to Fry & Herzog.

EMBROIDERY SALE.

5 LOTS. Friday and Saturday Only.

We have arranged our complete stock of Embroidery edges, insertions and beadings of all grades in five lots, for a season's end clearing.

Lot 1. Regular prices up to six cents @ per yard 03c
Lot 2. Regular prices up to twelve cents @ per yard 07c
Lot 3. Regular prices up to twenty cents @ per yard 11c
Lot 4. Regular prices up to thirty cents @ per yard 19c
Lot 5. Regular prices up to fifty cents @ per yard 29c

Allover Embroideries ¼ off regular prices.

VAL. LACES.

With the embroidery sale we will offer a discount of ⅓ from regular prices on all Val. Laces.

Notice to Stamp Collectors.

We will discontinue giving Yellow Stamps after August fifteenth. Yellow Stamp books are redeemable at $10, $12.50, $25.00, $37.50 and $50.00. Bring them in.

FRY & COMES.

The Hottest Still to Come.

If you are doing your cooking and baking over the old fashioned cook stove and think you cannot as yet afford a Gas Range you should look at our line of

Hot Plates, Ovens and Summer Gas Ranges.

By using one of these you do away with all that unnecessary heat that comes from a cook stove, they are a pleasure for a woman to work over and will save enough in gas alone to pay for themselves in a very short time.

Don't forget that we still have some Big Refrigerator Bargains.

Lookers Always Welcome.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

DIAMONDS

We are offering great bargains at the present time. Your money is well spent when you invest it in Diamonds.

WATCHES

WATCH REPAIRING
DIAMOND SETTING
AND ENGRAVING

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

GREAT BARGAINS.

During the month of August we are offering special prices on all summer goods.

Hats sold at and below cost.

Great Bargains in white shirt waists and dressing sacques.

A few shirt waist suits, just the thing for hot weather, at prices that will surprise you.

Ladies' and Misses' wash skirts from 69c to $1.90.

A large line of wrappers, corsets, underwear, etc.

Headquarters for infants' and children's ready-made clothing.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

Commencing This Week

I will close out my entire line of Hardware, consisting of

Granite Ware, Tinware,
White Stone Wase
Glassware, etc.

Everything in the line. They must all go at your own figures. I need the room for other goods and will handle no more of these. Now is the time to buy.

Just received a new line of Ladies' Neckwear. Veils, etc.

M. L. BISETT,

THE CITY STORE.

Her Management

By Euphemia Holden

Copyright, 1904, by E. Holden

The shaded light from the library lamp fell on her hair, bringing out its golden glints, which refreshed his tired eyes. He had an hour for recreation before going uptown to edit the morning edition of a big daily paper.

A few years ago she had been his chum's jolly little sister. Lately he had discovered she was a woman whose smile was more to him than clubs, theaters or books.

"You are certainly printing the worst things in your paper," she burst out suddenly—"How to Capture a Man's Fancy," "How to Get Married," "How to Manage a Man," how to do everything no nice girl would think of doing."

His boyish hoot interrupted her.

"You dare to pretend you don't manage men, when you do it with such perfection the poor things never discover the machinery."

The corners of her mouth turned up, though her voice was sulky.

"Well, anyway I'm not up in the art of getting married, and there are startling exceptions to my management."

The flash from her eyes aroused his boyish mirth again.

"Am I difficult to manage?" he asked, with pleased satisfaction.

"Impossible," she declared emphatically.

"Don't I always do what you want me to?" She considered.

"In a question of actual service, yes; otherwise what I want when you want to."

"The same old question," he burst out, almost in earnest. "You want me to dine with a mob of your friends. Ten dollars' worth of agony for me to 10 cents' gratification for you."

She raised her round chin.

"I like men who don't count costs," she sniffed.

"Spoiled and unreasonable," he muttered.

"I should say so," she replied, with a slight lift of her shoulders. "A girl with an older brother and seven unmarried uncles and aunts is so apt to be, especially when each one is more critical than the next wherever you begin or end."

"But you forget Howells and the others. He's certainly done a lion's share."

"If you mean a man spoils a girl by showing her consideration, attention, perfect manners"—she began hotly.

"Are you going to marry him for his manners or his money?" he interrupted.

"I haven't decided," she returned, with sudden chilliness.

"You're engaged to him, then?" he asked suddenly.

"What right have you to ask?"

The lines of his face drooped.

"None," he replied humbly.

"Well, I'm not," she retorted, more than appeased at his humility. After a pause he spoke softly.

"My mother always said I'd be very easy to manage."

"But you know she spoiled you. You were her only boy. Personally I wouldn't try it if you were the last man on earth."

She was almost sorry when she saw his mouth tighten and the fine nervous lines in his face grow deeper.

"That's a blow," he said, with dry lips. "Yet you told me once that I had never failed you."

"In service—no."

"Only in the little things, then?"

"They're what count with a woman."

"That's not reasonable. I'm abrupt—disagreeable at times, I guess—but you know quite well that is only manner."

She gazed into the light without replying. His eyes were on the rug pattern again.

"I have always thought," he began after a minute, "that marriage is a partnership or equals, the capital stock personal liberty and of course love and respect. Then if the wife wanted to do one thing and the husband another they'd either go it alone with perfect pleasantness or compare notes. Whoever showed the best case would win the day.

"For instance"—the interest in her face warmed him to his theory—"if you and I were married"—her face changed to roguish disgust—"and you wanted to go to a dinner and I wanted to stay at home you'd give your reasons, I mine. If you wished to go more than I wished to stay, we'd go. Isn't that fair?"

"No, no, no!" she cried excitedly. "Who'd be judge? You, of course. I'd be as bad a hermit as you in a little while. I'd rather give in than have friction."

"I'm not frictional," he pleaded. "You can't or won't understand me. Besides, if you don't like me as I am take me and edit me."

"You told me you never touched rejected manuscript. Why should I?"

He laughed, though the shaft found a tender spot. After another interval of silence he began to speak in a curious, controlled tone.

"I can't realize my dream is done. I hadn't any right to it, of course, but just the same I've thought of a time when you would care enough to marry me. I wanted a little house, not very large or wonderful; it wouldn't need to be if you were there. Think of having one's own brand of sunshine! What a fool I've been! You couldn't care for a man older, unpolished, his enthusiasm and freshness gone. I suppose some fellow will be lucky enough to sit opposite to your smile."

"I hope so," she said quietly. "I don't care to be an old maid."

"You won't be. I wonder who—not Howells—he's not clever enough. It's rather a wonder you have stuck it out so long. You're unusually fascinating. Did I ever tell you that?"

"You never told me anything nice," she said pettishly.

"But you knew that for me you were the prettiest, sweetest woman in the world. And I believed in your talent. Why, if you'd been willing to marry me we'd have made you a famous artist. You won't find many men who hold the theory of a woman's right to individuality."

"Oh, theories!" she cried impatiently. "You'd feed a woman on theories when she was starved for a kiss."

He sprang to his feet, his face flushing.

"That's cruel and unjust! You condemn me without knowing. Lots of times your face has been so close to mine I had only to put my arms about you and—and instead I've clinched my hands and moved away because I knew you held a kiss a sacred thing and I had so little to offer except my love."

"You merely mean," she said, her breath coming a little queerly, "that you refrained from gratifying a passing temptation"—

"Why will you try to hurt me?" he demanded, stopping his quick pacing and looking down at her. "I mean I refrained from telling you I loved you with all my heart and soul, that you are the one woman in the world who satisfies all my longings, and then—and then"—

"I can't see why you didn't," she murmured, half bold, half tremulous. "I've kept my lips for such a kiss"—

Something dropped from him like a dark garment.

"But you said," he faltered. She put two trembling hands upon his shoulders.

"You've never told me you loved me, and I've waited so long." Her face was hidden now.

"You said," he choked, holding her very close—"you said you wouldn't marry me if I were the last man on earth."

"I said manage—I don't want to manage, I just want to be loved."

Took the Rooms.

"In every house, Miss Powell," said young Mr. Benson with some agitation, "there is a spare room. It is kept for the use of some honored guest. In every heart, too," and he laid his hand impulsively on his own, "there is a spare room"—

"Yes," she murmured dreamily.

"Miss Powell—Irene," the young man exclaimed, choking down a large and expansive lump of rising sighs, "in my heart there is a spare room sacredly set apart for you!"

"Only one, Mr. Benson?" she whispered.

"Do not mock me, Irene Powell! It shall be a whole suit if you like. More than that, you shall have the entire premises if you'll only say so, and if that isn't enough we'll tear down and build bigger."

"This spare room, this suit of rooms, Arthur," said the maiden softly, "that you are speaking of, how—how are they furnished?"

"In first class modern style, Irene," replied the young man, with a businesslike ring in his voice. "Uncle Bullion died last week."

"Say no more, Arthur," whispered the girl as she pillowed her head over the young man's heart and listened to the wild thump, thump, that resounded through its spare chambers. "I'll take them."

Old English Cookery.

Speaking of old English dishes and the wonderful mixtures as to seasoning, etc., which prevailed down to the sixteenth century the Quarterly Review says:

"Buckunde was the name of a typical preparation, and this was made of meat hewn in gobbets, pounded almonds, raisins, sugar, cinnamon, cloves, ginger, onions, salt and fried herbs, thickened with rice flour and colored yellow with saffron.

"Momene or mawmony was a sort of porridge to which the cuisine of our own day affords no parallel. Its components were plenty of wine and sugar, a quart of honey, a gallon of oil, a pound of powdered spices, together with ginger, cinnamon and galangale (Cyperus longus), a plant much used for flavoring. All these were boiled together with the pounded flesh of eight capons and the mess served in bowls like porridge, with, according to one recipe, a lighted wax candle stuck in the middle of each.

"Mortrews, a dish mentioned by Chaucer in his 'Canterbury Tales,' was held in great esteem. It derived its name from the mortar in which the meat used in making it was pounded."

Bad Way to Bet.

"If you wish to get on the outs with your best girl just make a bet that will interest her to see you lose," said a forlorn chap to a friend this morning. "It was like this," he continued. "I had been smoking so much that my health was becoming impaired. She wagered that I could not quit. I took her up and staked a five dollar bill against a necktie. At the end of thirty days I could return to my dear old weed. I have not used tobacco in any form now for ten days, and as the young lady in question believes I shall persevere to the end she is showing me a spirit that indicates her displeasure at my daring to abstain so long. To tell the truth, I think she imagines me absolutely mean because I am determined not to lose.

"What would you advise me to do?"

"I would suggest," replied the friend, "that the next time you desire to give your lady friend a five dollar present you should not pretend that you are going to quit smoking in order to secure her acceptance."

A passing policeman prevented an altercation.—Philadelphia Press.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

WAIT FOR AN APPETITE.

You Should Never Eat Simply For the Sake of Eating.

A prolific cause of chronic indigestion is eating from habit and simply because it is mealtime and others are eating. To eat when not hungry is to eat without relish, and food taken without relish is worse than wasted. Without relish the salivary glands do not act, the gastric fluids are not freely secreted, and the best of foods will not be digested. Many perfectly harmless dishes are severely condemned for no other reason than they were eaten perfunctorily and without relish and disinsalivation.

Hunger makes the plainest foods enjoyable. It causes vigorous secretion and outpouring of all the digestive fluids, the sources of ptyalin, pepsin, trypsin, etc., without a plentiful supply of which no foods can be perfectly digested.

Wait for an appetite, if it takes a week. Fasting is one of the saving graces. It has a spiritual significance only through its great physical and physiologic importance. If breakfast is a bore or lunch a matter of indifference, cut one or both of them out. Wait for distance and unmistakable hunger and then eat slowly. If you do this you need ask few questions as to the propriety and digestibility of what you eat, and it need not be predigested.—Exchange.

THE PENGUIN.

It Is Awkward on Land and a Gymnast In the Water.

A kind of penguin, the adelie, is a laugh provoking bird. Adelies are most inquisitive and at times are in such a hurry to follow up a clew that they will scramble along the ice on the belly, pushing with their legs and using their flippers alternately like the paddle of a canoe. They get over the ground at an astonishing rate, and it is hard work to overtake a penguin when it takes to this means of locomotion especially when it doubles. In the water the penguin is perfectly at home diving and steeplechasing in grand style. It can jump clean out of the water and pop down on the ice exactly like some one coming up through a trapdoor on the stage and dropping on his feet. The penguins collect in enormous numbers and are sometimes seen marching about like a regiment of soldiers in Indian file, all acting in unison.

A much larger penguin, the emperor, weighs sixty or seventy pounds and stands well over three feet high. It possesses the most extraordinary muscular powers in its flippers. When presented with the end of the skee stick the emperor gives it such a smack that one's hands tingle. At the same time it utters an angry guttural exclamation.

SHEEP IN INDIA.

They Are the Favorite Beasts of Burden in Mountainous Regions.

In Tibet and among the mountainous part of India sheep are employed as carriers. The mountain sheep of these districts, true to its nature, is remarkably sure footed and can carry loads of twenty-five pounds, or even more, over steep crags and precipitous paths where hardly any other animal could find a footing.

In the inner ranges of the Himalayas the yak cow and the hardy mountain sheep are the favorite beasts of burden. Sheep withstand the intense cold of the higher parts of Tibet much more easily than the yak and can better face the stony roads.

Sheep carrying from seventeen to twenty-five pounds of baggage and living entirely on the scanty grass found growing by the way accompanied Nain Singh, the famous Indian explorer, on a journey of more than a thousand miles. It is very common in the Himalayas to load sheep, high up in the mountains, with borax and then to drive them down to the plains, where they are shorn of their wool and return laden with grain or salt.

Money Thrown Away.

"So that city doctor helped ye right smart, did he, Silas?" asked Mrs. Giles on her husband's return from a week's visit to a specialist in a neighboring town.

"Well, I guess he did! I'm feeling fine as a fiddle now, an' he says I won't likely have any return of it if I just keep ter what he tells me."

"What did he say was the matter with ye?" inquired the wife eagerly.

"I forgit now what he called it, but"—

"Silas," she cried, "ye don't really mean ter say ye paid out all that money an' didn't git no good of it after all!"—Exchange.

Modest Abbe Delille.

It is said that the French Abbe Delille once had in his household a very quick tempered relative, with whom he sometimes had animated disputes and who sometimes went so far as to throw books at the abbe. The abbe must have been a person of great amiability and self control. Once when a particularly large and heavy volume was thrown at him, he caught it gracefully and said:

"My dear friend, I must beg of you to remember that I prefer smaller gifts."

Making a Sure Thing of It.

"What in the name of Jupiter have you sewed up all the pockets of my overcoat for?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"What in the name of Jupiter have you sewed up all the pockets of my overcoat for?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"My dear," said Mrs. Wilson, "I have an important letter to my milliner that I want you to post."

An orator or author is never successful till he has learned to make his words smaller than his ideas.—Emerson.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $75 IN ADVANCE.

THE SNIPE'S DRUMMING.

A Naturalist's Theory as to How the Sound Is Produced.

It is disputed whether the snipe's drumming—a curious noise, suggestive of a miniature threshing machine—is made by the bird with its wings or by its tail or by both wings and tail. Some recent observations incline me strongly to believe that the tail plays, at any rate, the more important part. During the performance the bird flies at a great height round and round in a wide, sweeping circle. At intervals he makes a sudden and rapid descent, holding his wings partly flexed and his tail spread to its full extent. The outermost tail feather on either side points outward at a greater angle than those adjoining it, so that when the bird is watched through a good field glass daylight shows between it and the next, and, if I am right in my view, the drumming sound is due to the rush of air against this isolated feather. The snipe's tail feathers seem so puny that it is at first difficult to believe that they can produce so great a result. But if an outer one be taken it is slightly scimiter shaped, with the outer web much reduced, and swung rapidly through the air the drumming noise may be distinctly heard, though it seems but a very faint echo of the loud, throbbing hum that startles one when it suddenly descends from an ethereal height, and the small bird is deserted, hardly more than a speck to the naked eye, circling round in wild career and now and then swooping headlong downward and thrilling the air with his weird music.—London Nature.

THE LITERARY DETECTIVE.

His Head Is One That Adds Spice to His Reading.

There is a certain type of literary man who seems content to take little part in the struggle of letters beyond keeping an eye on his contemporaries and pouncing down on them every now and then to accuse them of having given a meaning to such and such a word which that word should not possess. It is strange that the number of these literary detectives is not larger, for there are few more fascinating occupations than this. It lends a spice to one's reading. The dullest book becomes as readable as the most deftly written novel. Certain words have taken to themselves meanings in the course of time which they have no right to possess. "Phenomenon" is a very hardpushed offender. To use this word as meaning something "strange" instead of something "that appears and is visible" is to insure arrest at the hands of the detective. Lately the word "temper" has been exposed. Through long impunity it has come to imply bad temper, whereas, if it had its rights, it should mean just the reverse. We strongly advise every one who desires a never failing source of amusement to read the next novel he takes up with the eye of the detective. Starting with the easier words, like "phenomenon," the novice may go on from strength to strength until before long nothing can escape him. The exercise, moreover, is not only a pleasure, but a duty.—London Globe.

Why Windmills Burned Down.

Of the production of fire by the friction of wood against wood windmills of the old construction gave on a large scale some disastrous examples. When the force of the wind increased the miller was obliged to bring each of the sails in succession to the ground in order to unclothe it, but when sudden squalls came on this was impracticable, and the mill in extreme cases ran away—that is, could not be stopped.

Everything was now done to increase the grip of the wooden brake round the great wheel on the driving shaft, and water was poured copiously over them, but in spite of all this flames would sometimes burst out from the intense friction and the mill be probably burned down as the result. The beautiful machinery of the modern windmill, by which the miller controls the action of the sails from the interior of the building, has reduced this danger to a minimum.—Notes and Queries.

Memory.

There are 100 different varieties of memory, and perhaps we cannot altogether choose which we will possess, though every sort, when we have the germs of it, may be cultivated. To learn anything by heart the best plan is to read a sentence and repeat it without a book, then read the next sentence and repeat the two, and so on. Repetition is of great importance, "line upon line." More is learned and remembered by reading through one book twice than by reading two books once. After a thing has been learned it must be recalled and gone over at intervals, or the impression will fade away.

Spats.

Where did spats come from? Highland soldiers wore them first. Because of the bravery of highlanders at Lucknow and elsewhere in India during the Indian mutiny the people of England looked about for some way to show their admiration. Scrutiny of the highland dress disclosed that spats were the most suitable for adoption, so they were adopted and have been commonly worn ever since.

Those Sweet Girls.

Drusilla—I did not see you at the Vanhunt reception last night, dear Dorothy. No. I hoped to be able to go up to the last moment, but was prevented. Drusilla (sweetly)—Yes; I know the invitations were limited.—St. Louis Republic.

We all spend too much time in complaining that we lack time to do things.—Atchison Globe.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. E. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisdale.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Con'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Fort Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hamburg, president; Miss Tavia Rayner, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Reudisel, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Rumer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, H. C. Gleason.
Constables—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—K. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—G. C. Choate, A. H. Ridder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Irvine.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
W. A. ANDERER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Military degree first meeting of each month, 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FERGUSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 187, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 8 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 75, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSS MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABNEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 3 p. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elisabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 3:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.
Train 123, week days 4:01 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 1:20 a. m., New York 4:35 a. m. Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:35 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:20 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:10 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:25 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman and R. P. sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 51, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M.	STATIONS	Lv	SOUTH P. M.
9:20	Ridgway	4:15	9:00
9:40	Johnsonburg	3:55	8:40
9:50	Glen Hazel	3:45	8:30
9:57	Straight	3:37	8:23
10:02	Conshohocken	3:32	8:18
10:20	Sheffield—Elm	3:15	8:00
10:29	Wetmore	3:06	7:51
10:35	Clermont	3:00	7:45
A. M.		Ar	P. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 2, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Punxsutawney and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Vice-Pres. and Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Manager.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 19th, 1904. Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily, except Sunday for Olean, Simpson, Davis, Alden, Kinzua and Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with train 1, Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Ridgway, Clermont, Johnsonburg, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Olean, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with train 3, Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Ridgway, Clermont, Johnsonburg, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Olean, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with train 5, Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Ridgway, Clermont, Johnsonburg, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R. Pullman sleeping cars from Kane to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Olean, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane and intermediate points as follows: Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m. and 6:40 p. m. Sunday at 9:00 a. m. Saturday special arrives from Kane at 12:30 p. m. (monthly).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa., or

H. H. Gardner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 29, 1904.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with D. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:38 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:43 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:00 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.); Olean (arr. 10:35 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:30 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.), St. Marys (arr. 1:25 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Ruckwaysville (arr. 4:35 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:50 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:05 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:38 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:38 p. m.); Burnsville (arr. 4:55 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 5:25 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points East.

8:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 8:35 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 8:05 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr. 8:45 p. m.).

Trains arrive:—9:30—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 2:20 p. m.—From Brookwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Vineland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean, 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett, with connections from B. R. & P., 7:32 p. m.—From Coudersport and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, G. J. McNAIR, General Supt. Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R.

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	Lv Westward. P.M.	P.M.	Ar. A.M.
8:05	7:05	2:10	Ulysses	7:05	2:10	8:05
7:50	6:53	2:10	Criswell	7:21	2:37	8:20
7:46	o	1:57	Carpenter	o	2:34	o
7:40	6:48	1:53	Perkins	7:37	2:47	8:37
7:37	6:45	1:50	New Rd Junc	7:37	2:50	8:40
o	o	1:45	Newfield	7:41	2:56	8:46
7:05	6:30	1:41	Gold	7:44	3:00	8:50
7:00	6:30	1:35	Raymond	7:49	3:05	8:55
6:45	6:21	1:24	Seven Bdg's	8:01	3:20	9:10
6:40	6:17	1:20	Colesburg	8:04	3:24	9:14
6:28	6:10	1:12	Frinks	8:12	3:32	9:22
6:15	o	1:05	N. Couds'pt	o	3:36	9:25
6:10	6:00	1:00	Dp. Coudersport Ar.	8:25	3:50	9:40
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.			P.M.	A.M.
4:20	7:45	12:15	Ar. Coudersport Dp.	8:28	6:30	11:30
o	o	12:13	Hammond	o	o	o
4:05	7:38	12:09	Olmsted	8:33	6:05	11:05
3:59	7:33	12:05	Mina	8:37	6:10	11:10
3:45	o	11:59	Knowlton	o	6:17	o
3:40	7:25	11:55	Roulette	8:47	6:21	11:21
3:30	7:16	11:47	Burtville	8:54	6:28	11:28
3:23	o	11:41	Coleman	o	6:34	o
3:20	o	o	Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3:15	7:05	11:36	Pt. Allegany	9:08	6:40	11:40
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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Over a Honeysuckle Hedge

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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The afternoon was sunny and warm, and the young man lying beneath the oak tree let the book slip from listless fingers and his eyes wander idly to the tangle of green above. Thus it happened that he did not see a slender white figure which came down the hill to the fragrant hedge dividing them. Aroused by a slight sound, he thrust back his hat. For an instant he gazed, bewildered. Then, meeting the girl's surprised look, he sprang up.

"I hope that I am not trespassing," he began doubtfully. "If I am intruding"—

"No, I believe not," she responded. "Our land stops at this hedge, I fancy. If you care to stay, of course—I came to look at the view," she added, with some irrelevance. The man nodded.

"It is great," he agreed. "I have rarely seen anything more beautiful." He was still looking straight at her, and the girl gave him a suspicious glance. "I often come here to read Omar," he went on calmly. "It fits in somehow."

"Really," with polite if vague interest. "You care for Omar, then?"

"Immensely. A book of verses, underneath the bough; a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou beside me, singing in the wilderness—oh, wilderness were paradise now!"

The girl gravely unfurled her fluffy parasol.

"I must not linger interrupt your reading, then," she said. "Goodby."

"Goodby! But you have only just come. Please don't go," he begged. "I've read enough for today."

"But I don't know you," she objected. The man held out the Omar.

"My name is on the title page," he suggested tentatively, and the girl, after a moment's hesitation, ruffling over the pages, read the name aloud.

"Gordon Lenox Maxwell. Are you really Gordon Maxwell?" The man looked surprised.

"What do you know of me?"

"Who has not heard of the gorgeous Gordon?" she laughed, half mockingly. "Here is your book."

"But you were only a child then," he persisted. "And I have been abroad ever since."

"Sure, but children have good memories, you know."

"You must have been a lovely child," he murmured reflectively. The girl frowned.

"I really must go," she repeated. Maxwell took a hasty step forward.

"Please don't. And forgive me. And won't you tell me who you are?" The girl shook her head decidedly.

"I only tell my name to my friends."

"And are not we friends?"

She opened wide eyes. "Not yet surely."

"Well, let's pretend then," he urged. The girl, gazing at him with more approval, relented a little.

"Let's pretend by all means. I will therefore, incognito, myself as the Princess of the Isle. For you, who was born in yonder enchanted castle," waving her hand toward the hill, Maxwell sighed concernedly.

"What a lovely name. It exactly suits your eyes. And is Mrs. Cory your aunt, then?" hurrying on at signs of danger. "Why haven't I met you before? I will come and call," reflectively. "I love Mrs. Cory." The girl flushed.

"No, no, you mustn't!" she cried abruptly—"that is, my aunt is ill," half confused. Then, at Maxwell's puzzled stare, she broke into persuasion. "Don't you see how the whole thing would be spoiled?" she cried. "If we were to meet at teas and chatter inanities as people do, if you were to meet me 'out' as plain Miss Smith—can't you see, don't you understand?"

"But"—objected Maxwell. The girl's eyes flashed.

"Oh, very well, then; do it," she declared. "What does it matter anyway? I should not have come here, should not have spoken to you at all. You have shown me that quite plainly. Therefore in any case I think the acquaintance had better stop here and now."

"But," interposed Maxwell again, "can't you see it's only because I want to meet you again somewhere, anywhere?" recklessly. "What do I care for Mrs. Cory? You will come back here?" he implored. The girl smiled.

"You will promise to stay on your own side of the hedge?"

"If I must," obediently. "But—am I never to cross it?" Her face changed.

"Before I leave I will myself break the spell, and then perhaps"—she hesitated. "But until then, no."

"You are going," in alarm. She laughed again.

"Surely you cannot expect me to remain forever?"

"I could remain here forever," he answered.

"On the other side of the fence?" with tilted chin.

"On the other side," emphatically. "Would I were there now!"

"Already wishing for my departure," murmured the girl in exaggerated reproach. "Goodby, then; this time really goodby."

"But you will come back?" eagerly.

She paused and glanced back over her shoulder.

"Perhaps," she answered.

The slow, sweet summer days drifted lazily by, and with them Maxwell, half consciously, but none the less steadily, felt his peace of mind slipping like grist. Hillside was a quiet place. The Country club, where he was stopping, was small and dull. No one questioned his comings and goings, and more and more he felt his life concentrating into the hour passed beneath the big oak. Every afternoon he hurried to the tree and watched eagerly for a glimpse of the white frock. Everlasting seemed the days in which she did not appear. Yet still she remained as elusive, as tantalizing and as charming. Did these days mean anything to her? He hardly dared hope for it, and yet—

If she would only come once in the evening, then he might indeed believe himself more than a mere acquaintance. But at his suggestion there she only laughed.

And then at last, when all the world lay white and dreamy beneath the moonshine, she came, stepping daintily across the dewy grass. At sight of her Maxwell drew a long breath.

"Ah, moon of my delight that knows no wane," he breathed. The girl's gaze wandered past him to where the waves danced in shimmering ripples under the soft radiance, and for a space the spell of the night laid its hush upon them. Maxwell leaned toward the barrier.

"Do you smell the honeysuckle?" he murmured. The girl shivered.

"It is almost too sweet," she answered low, "too intense."

"Then give me the spray you wear," he begged. But as she mechanically held it out he drew back.

"Put it on for me," he besought.

Still in silence the girl bent across the odorous hedge and slipped the flower into his coat. Suddenly his hand closed over the fingers on his breast, holding them so that she could feel the pounding of his heart. For a long moment the girl looked deep into his eyes. Her heart quickened, and her face showed white in the moonlight, but she drew away the hand and managed to smile.

"The game has been very pleasant," she said slowly. "But now the end has come, and tonight I am to say goodby."

Maxwell started. "Goodby," he echoed stupidly. "Now, after you have come to me. Goodby! It has not been all a game," he went on, gathering courage. The girl put up a protesting hand.

"No, no; we were pretending, remember."

"There was no pretense on my side," Maxwell's voice was steady. "I love you."

"But you can't, you mustn't. You're not playing fair. Besides you don't even know my name," urged the girl in dismay. Maxwell laughed.

"Not know you? I have always known you and waited for you," he asserted. The girl, who had glanced up quickly, shook her head.

"You are mistaken," she murmured. "I—I thought ourselves just pretending. I thought you knew the rules of the game. Forgive me, but—I am already engaged."

"What!" The exclamation broke sharply from Maxwell. When he went on it was in an altered voice.

"I see. It has been my own fault. I should have played even, but I put too much on the hazard. Double or quits the stake, and I lose. Quits it is," with a bitter little laugh. The girl caught her breath.

"But I never dreamed that you would take it like this." she faltered. "And, and it was so long ago that I had nearly forgotten. It is only lately I have learned that he still cares. Would you care to see my engagement ring?" ruthlessly. "Yes, I want you to," Maxwell uttered a fierce protest. Untying a blue ribbon from her throat, a laid it in his palm. On the ribbon was fastened a slender circlet of gold twined with forgetmenots. Maxwell looked at it with distaste.

"Hence your name," he said absently, twisting the ring with unconscious fingers. "A good message for him to leave, but surely an unnecessary name for you. Who would forget you, blue eyed princess? Blue is true. Blue is—why"— He broke off abruptly, with eyes suddenly riveted on the little ring. For a second he stared in bewilderment, then glanced at the girl. Her face was rose red in the moonlight, and Maxwell gasped.

"Madeleine!" he cried swiftly, incredulously. "Madeleine, is it really you? My dear little girl sweetheart, my first little love, who promised to marry me when she grew up the day I gave her this ring? Madeleine!" The girl uttered an uncertain little laugh.

"I am Madeleine."

"And you knew me all the time?" with sudden intuition.

"Why, I—I heard that you were here," under lowered lashes. "And the book settled it. I told you children had good memories. Didn't you think me very forward for a princess? You see, I didn't want you to know me, because, that is"—breaking off in pretty embarrassment. "You see"—

"I see that I have been an ass!" exclaimed Maxwell, unsteadily. "Madeleine," he leaned across the hedge and tried to take her hand, but the girl slipped back. "Madeleine, I can't put the ring back from this side of the hedge." His pulses were racing; his voice sounded strange in his own ears. "Madeleine, may I cross the hedge?"

There was a moment's silence, tense, vibrant, through which Maxwell caught dimly the distant beat of the waves, the delicate, penetrating fragrance of the honeysuckle. Then slowly she lifted tender, wistful eyes to his, while her lips curved into the sweetest smile.

"You may try," she said.

Reason For Laughing.

"Why did everybody laugh so long over that story of old Horchy's? It isn't a bit funny."

"They were afraid he would tell another if they kept quiet."

MONUMENTS OF SHAME.

Mounds Erected to Men Who Were Liars While on Earth.

While other nations build monuments to the memory of men who have done great and noble deeds, the Dyaks heap up a pile of the branches of trees in memory of the man who has uttered a great lie, so that future generations may know of his wickedness and take warning from it.

The persons deceived start the tugong bula by heaping up a large number of branches in some conspicuous spot by the side of the main road. Every passerby contributes to it and at the same time curses the man in memory of whom it is.

The Dyaks consider the adding to any tugong bula they may pass a sacred duty, the omission of which will meet with supernatural punishment, and so, however pressed for time a Dyak may be, he stops to throw on the pile some branches or twigs.

This custom dates from very ancient times. It is interesting to notice that though the exiles of the Dyaks, even at the present day, do not agree in many points with the moral code of other and more advanced races, still from the earliest ages the Dyaks seem to have agreed in considering a lie a most disgraceful crime and a liar a man who deserves the curses not only of his own generation, but also of people yet unborn.

A few small branches, a few dry twigs and leaves—that is what the tugong bula is at first. But day by day it increases in size. Every passerby adds something to it, and in a few years' time it becomes a large and imposing monument raised to the memory of one who was a liar.

It has often been remarked by Dyaks that any other punishment would, if a man had his choice, be much preferred to having a tugong bula put up in his memory. Other punishments are soon forgotten, but a tugong bula remains as a testimony to a man's untruthfulness and is a standing disgrace to his children's children.

Believing, as the Dyaks do, in the efficacy of curses a curse among them being a dreadful offense it is easy to understand how a Dyak would dread the accumulation of curses which would necessarily accompany the formation of a tugong bula.—Straits Settlements Budget.

LOVE.

Love's a whetstone to the mind.—Anacreon.

Love stoops as lowly as he soars.—Wordsworth.

Love's best habit is in seeming trust.—Shakespeare.

They who love are but one step from heaven.—Lowell.

Love is not where most it is professed.—Spencer.

The deeper the love the more exacting it is.—George Sand.

There is but one kind of love, but there are a thousand different copies of it.—La Rochefoucauld.

Love is never lost. If it be not reciprocated; it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.—Irving.

Love looks through spectacles which make copper appear like gold, poverty like riches and foul tears like pearls.—Cervantes.

Natural Law.

The reputation of Mr. George Washington Jones for honesty had been slightly tarnished for some years, but his son Erastus was not supposed to know it.

"Cur's how cold contracts t'ings," Mr. Jones remarked thoughtfully one evening. "Now dere's Max'millian Smith's wood pile for a case. 'Pears like dat wood pile is shrinking steady since dis las' col' spell set in."

"Seems as if our pile behind de stove was getting bigger, paw," hazarded Erastus, gazing at his parent for explanation of this phenomenon.

"Course it am, chile," said Mr. Jones calmly, "'cause de room is hot an' heat expands t'ings. 'Pears like yo' gwine to school don' put much wisdom into dat head of yours."

A Chinese Dog Story.

The following dog story is a favorite one in China:

"There was a Chinaman who had three dogs. When he came home one evening he found them asleep on his couch of teakwood and marble, whipped them and drove them forth.

"The next night when he came home the dogs were lying on the floor. But he placed his hand on the couch and found it warm from their bodies; therefore he gave them another whipping.

"The third night, returning earlier than usual, he found the dogs sitting before the couch, blowing on it to cool it."

Almost Impossible.

Jack—Why wouldn't she marry you? She loves you to distraction. I know it, because she told me so. George—She insisted on my proving that I am not already married, because she says there is a great deal of bigamy nowadays. Well, it is easy enough to prove that one is married, but how the dickens am I going to prove that I am not?

Painless Spanking.

Father (cutting the whip smartly through the air)—See, Tommy, how I make the horse go faster without striking him at all. Tommy—Papa, why don't you spank us children that way?—Glasgow Times.

Stingy Steps.

An old man was passing one house one afternoon, taking exceedingly short steps. My little cousin watched him for several minutes and then said, "Momma, doesn't he walk stingy?"—Exchange.

Mrs. Bluebeard

By Izola L. Forrester

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"Is it antique?"

Suzanne trailed her fingers idly over the piano keys in a little impromptu prelude of trifling chords before she answered the query.

"I suppose it is," she said crossly. "I'm sure I can't tell whether it's real antique or not. It looks old and dusty and is all covered with heavy carvings, if you happen that sort of thing. Why, Bess"—she turned to the questioner with sudden energy—"I wouldn't have thought a thing about it if he had shown it to me or even mentioned it. He told me about everything else in the house, and I'd never have known a thing about this if I hadn't told Nora to clean out that 'catch all,' as she calls it, at the end of the garret stairs. There is a large windowless space over the dining room wing, and it was in there."

"And locked," concluded Bess positively.

"Every drawer. I asked Nora how long it had been there, and she said it had come with Bob's trunks from home while we were on our honeymoon. I'm not a bit curious"— She paused.

"Of course not," assented Bess warmly, "or suspicious."

"Only interested;" Bess nodded her head wisely over the interested sigh.

"It is kind of mysterious Bob's not telling you a word about it and lifting it in there out of sight, and then the fact of it being locked shows that some one didn't want it opened."

As she gave her conclusive point of logic Bess rose. She was pretty and petite, with a decisive tilt to her chin and the confidence of eighteen in her blue eyes.

"Of course you'll do as you please, Sue. You always did. But if I had only been married a month and had found a locked desk in my house that I knew nothing of I know what I'd do."

Young Mrs. Sheldon left the piano with an impatient movement. She was tall and slender beside her sister, and the indefinable charm of a bride was visible in her dainty negligee toilet of white crepon.

"I believe absolutely in Bob," she declared.

Bess raised her eyebrows and smiled mischievously.

"Of course you do. It may be only some old love letters or souvenirs that he doesn't care to part with. Do you remember Adelaide Gifford?"

"That was two years ago."

Bess laughed.

"Goodby, sis. Believe in Bob all you want to. He's a dear, and if it were I I'd hunt a locksmith all the same."

Mrs. Sheldon stood at the window and watched the small, girlish figure as it vanished down the street among the fluttering snowflakes. It was dusk. The room was unlighted as yet, and a sudden sense of loneliness stole over her in the sunlight of the first she had experienced since the joyous wedding of a month ago. In the affinity of needs and likes and dislikes she was in harmony with the spirit and gay of the twilight hour that was stealing over the world.

New Year's eve and Bob away! The tears blinded her eyes. Of course it was business. Merely a flying trip to New York for the firm, made all the more imperative by his neglect of business during the honeymoon, but she felt a vague rebellion in her heart against even the separation of a few days.

And there was the locked desk.

Bess' words and arguments ran swiftly through her mind. Come to think, Bob had told her not to tire herself out rummaging while he was away. Rummaging! That meant hunting in the garret and running the risk of discovering the desk.

And Bess had spoken of Adelaide Gifford. There had been talk of a summer engagement, she remembered. Adelaide was older than Bob. Some way, she had always blamed her for the romance and had looked upon Bob as an impressionable youngster. But if he had cherished her letters and keepsakes then he must have loved her. Adelaide was engaged to old Mr. Thurston now, Copper Thurston, the boy's called him. Perhaps after all Bob had been jealous of the copper made millions and had married her in a fit of pique.

She turned from the window with sudden determination. It lacked half an hour of dinner time. A lonely dinner for a bride, she thought, as she went upstairs, her first New Year's eve. Perhaps by the time the midnight bells rang out she might be making a few strange resolutions for the coming year.

It was dark on the garret stairs. She stopped at the door of Bob's dressing room and took a candlestick from the mantel. It was a wedding gift, a Japanese bronze griffin with outspread wings and spiral, sinuous tail.

As she held it to the gas jet to light the candle something fell on the rug at her feet, and she picked it up. It was a small, old fashioned ordinary brass key. She looked at it hesitatingly. It had never been on Bob's ring, she knew. The space between the wings of the bronze griffin was a clever idea for concealment.

She set her lips closely and went up the garret stairs with the candlestick in one hand and the key in the other. Halfway there was a turn at a small landing, and it was at the angle made by this that she had found the little low door leading to the "catch all." She opened it now and entered, half closing the door after her.

The desk was pushed to one side with some trunks and boxes. It was a quaint, antique affair of mahogany, severely colonial in style. The main body was crescent shaped, supported on hand carved legs. There were four drawers, two on each side, and a small, low cabinet of pigeonholes on top.

Suzanne stood motionless before it for several minutes, trying to make up her mind to insert the key. When she did so in the lock of the nearest top drawer, her hand trembled slightly, and she held her breath. The key turned easily, and the drawer was ready for inspection, but she did not open it. Thoughts whirled like the fluttering snowflakes through her mind, and she stood again irresolute.

She had told Bess that she believed absolutely in Bob. Higher than her love for him had been the unfaltering belief and confidence in him. It was the very keystone of her marriage faith, and yet at the first blow of suspicion it gave way.

Bess was a child, with the impulsive judgment of a child. She had been wrong to even tell her of the desk, wrong to discuss Bob or his motives with her at all or to listen for an instant to any doubt of him, even in jest. She must have faith and wait. He had probably locked the desk against the curiosity of the servants and had forgotten it in the hurry and excitement of the wedding. She must believe in him. The mere fact that they were married did not give her a coroner's right to hold a postmortem over his dead past.

There was the sound of a footstep on the stairs, and she relocked the drawer quickly.

"I'll be down in a moment, Nora," she called. "You may serve dinner."

The voice that answered was familiar and masculine. She nearly let the candle fall in her surprised recognition of it.

"It's only I, Sue. What on earth are you doing in there?"

She stood mute and motionless as he bent his head and entered the low door. It was Bob, and he was smiling and happy, his clear eyes seeking for the glad welcome he expected.

"I only ran down for tonight," he added. "I couldn't let you face the first new year alone, sweetheart."

His arms reached for her, but she shook her head and handed him the key.

"I haven't used it," she said brokenly. "But, oh, Bob, I came so near it. You don't have to tell me what's in the old thing. I'll believe you just the same, and I don't want to know."

"Know what?" he demanded. "Don't cry, Sue." He drew her to him tenderly. "What's up, anyway?"

"That desk," she sobbed. "It's locked."

"Is it?" He stared at the desk in bewilderment. "Well, the key was on my mantel, dear. You found it all right, didn't you? Couldn't you unlock it?"

"I could, but—but I don't wish to know your private affairs." She tried to draw herself away, but he took her hands and held them from her tear wet face so that he could see her eyes.

"Sue, darling," he said, "you blessed little Mrs. Bluebeard, that desk is a wedding present to you from Grandmother Holbrook. It's here in the family since the year 1, I guess, and there isn't a single thing in those drawers. It came the last minute the day we were married, and was so heavy and unwieldly I told father to send it along with my things and have it put away somewhere until we came home. And I had the key in the grip for safe keeping. What did you think was in it?"

But Suzanne silenced further questioning in her own effectual way. The keystone of her happiness was firm and immovable. But as they went downstairs to dinner she registered one New Year's vow in her heart. In the future she would let love laugh at locksmiths.

Cattle and Rattlesnakes.

"Cattle seem to have an instinctive dread of a rattlesnake," said a Texas ranchman, "and will take every precaution to avoid a locality where they have reason to think one of these reptiles is concealed. I was once driving a herd of beeves over a lonely trail when suddenly the leader of the herd, a huge steer, started back in terror, gave vent to a snort of warning and, moving to the right, passed on. Those immediately in his rear turned to the right or left, and their example was followed by the whole herd. On arriving at the dreaded spot I dismounted, expecting to find that a rattlesnake had been the cause of alarm. Instead of finding a serpent, there in a little tuft of grass sat a harmless plover, covering her nest, while her wings were kept in constant and violent motion. Seen indistinctly through the grass, she had evidently been mistaken by the steer for a rattlesnake."—Exchange.

The First Will Ever Written.

The father of all the wills and the most ancient document of its kind known to the historians and antiquarians is that of "the great king," Sennacherib, who is frequently mentioned in the Scriptures and also by Herodotus and Josephus. Sennacherib lived and reigned between the years 702 and 680 B. C., over 2,500 years ago. In the will, which is written upon a tablet of clay, and which was found by the excavators who were exploring the site of the royal palace, the "great invincible" wills his sons "certain stores of precious things" at that time deposited in the temple of Nebo. These same sons afterward killed their father "while he was engaged in worshiping his private god."

BLOTTING PAPER.

It Was Known and Used as Far Back as the Year 1675.

There is a pretty prevalent belief that blotting paper is a modern invention; that a hundred years ago it was unknown, white sand being used in its stead.

Blotting paper, as a matter of fact, was a recognized convenience of the writing desk as far back as 1675. In that year there was issued a book called "Townsend's Preparative to Pleading," a copy of which is in the possession of a Chicago antiquary, and this volume contains on page 8 the following paragraph:

"Let the dusting or sanding in books be avoided, rather using fine brown paper to prevent blotting if time of the ink's drying cannot be allowed, for sand takes away the good color of the ink, and, getting into the backs of books, makes them break their binding."

The sand that was used for blotting in the past was, the Chicago antiquary says, very clean and white and fine, and it was called silver sand. It was kept in a cruet with a perforated lid, like a salt cruet, and thence it was sifted over the wet writing. An odd thing about it was that the ink never seemed to stain it. It could be used over and over and it remained to the end as white as snow.

BATTLE STANDARDS.

So Ancient Their Use Is Mentioned in the Bible.

The custom of carrying flags or standards in battle dates back at least to 1490 B. C. We find in Numbers ii, 2, that "every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard with the ensign of his father's house." Each standard of the twelve tribes thus distinguished was supposed to have been of a color to correspond with the stone in Aaron's breastplate which bore the name of that tribe. Under the generic name banner are included many species, such as standard, ensign, pennon, flag, etc. These have been used from earliest times and in all countries to direct movements of troops.

The earliest Roman standard was a bundle of straw fixed to the top of a spear. This was succeeded by figures of animals, such as the horse and the boar, which soon gave place to the eagle, the chief Roman ensign, afterward assumed by the German and French emperors. By every warlike people the banner has been regarded as an emblem of national honor, in defense of which each soldier was at all times ready to die, while banners and flags taken from the enemy have always been special trophies of victory to which places of honor in public buildings have been assigned.

BOOTS AND SPURS.

Quaint Account of Hungarian Cavalry In Olden Days.

A contemporary manuscript account of the diet of Ratisbon, held in 1630 by the Emperor Ferdinand II. on the occasion of the landing of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden in Germany, mentions as a remarkable fact that the Hungarian cavalry who rode through the streets to the ceremonial wore their spurs on their boot soles.

It is difficult to credit that these spurs were fixed on the flat of the boot, for thus shod the horseman could neither walk nor stand, especially when the large size of the spurs worn at the period is considered. Probably the writer intended to indicate that instead of being fastened to the heel in the usual fashion they were made to project from the fore part of the military boot, which is a portion of the sole.

Frederick von Raumer, who quotes this in his "History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, Illustrated by Original Documents," passes the matter over without comment. The same manuscript adds that the Hungarian horses had their manes, tails and feet painted red.

Ancient Drinking Guilds.

It is gravely said by an authority that the Dutch guilds, the most ancient of workingmen's organizations, had their origin in the drinking guilds, which, although they did not, as in the case of the Greeks and Romans, exalt drink to the rank of a deity, made it a kind of civic dignitary. These drink guilds and drink brethren existed from the earliest times until the latter part of the sixteenth century, when their excesses led to their suppression. It is held that men who worked together drank together and thus formed the primitive club which developed into the guild.—Notes and Queries.

Hose of Olden Time.

In the very long ago hose were not stockings as now worn, but made long and were often drawn up even to the waist, and, oddly enough, had pockets in their sides. We read, moreover, that in the time of the Tudors and Stuarts they were of great variety, both of material and color, and for such as could command the luxury were richly trimmed and costly; they were often called "nether stocks."

Useless Labor.

"Don't be afraid of making me angry by telling me your candid opinion of my verses, old fellow. Criticism doesn't make any difference with me."

"I know that, my dear boy, but the trouble is that it doesn't make any difference with your verses either."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Singular and Plural.

"Funny! There was a time when the barbers used to speak of my hair."

"You mean before you began to get bald?"

"Yes. Now they speak of my hairs."—Philadelphia Press.

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A French Horn Among The Philistines

By JEFFERSON NOEL

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ALL day long the wind had been blowing hard enough to raise freckles on an Indian. The alkali laden sand scurried over the desert, blinding us and our ponies and enveloping old landmarks in a cloud. Toward sundown it eased up a little, and when we had finished our dry tea, only an occasional puff came to remind us of the day's discomfort.

When a lull came in the conversation I arose and sauntered beyond earshot of the camp. Juan, the Mexican, seemed to have been waiting for a break in the circle and started in the opposite direction. Glancing over my shoulder I saw Metcalf standing alone, throwing an armful of brush on the fretful fire. Macpherson and Williams, being old cronies and a bit exclusive in their tipple when towns were far apart, had gone off, I thought, to finish the Randsburg bottle.

I was dimly conscious of something strange about the whole proceeding. On the desert men never wander away from camp, especially when a stranger is left on guard. This Metcalf—here anything that was dim and uncertain in my consciousness gave way to a clearly defined image—this Metcalf had been picked up at the Needles, and, in the prospectors' way, we asked no questions. None of us knew him. Suppose, I thought, he should put his heel on that dancing bit of flame? Suppose he should pack everything of value on the ponies and make a bee line for civilization?

I hesitated between two impulses. The camp needed me, but since early morning I had waited impatiently for this hour. I wanted to be alone. I wanted to sing.

Something other than the sense persuaded me the music breaking for utterance was of high order. Having only an indifferent memory for sweet sound, and, I must confess, a taste that might be termed popular, I was carried off my feet as much by the recognition of its merit as by its continual recurrence. But, strange as it might seem, despite the continual recurrence when I was surrounded by distractions, at the very moment I had an opportunity to do more than listen in dumb ecstasy, try as I might, I could not recall a single note. Laying the blame on my anxiety over the possible loss of our traps, I allowed the other impulse to get the upper hand and returned to camp.

Metcalf was lying on his back, smoking. There was no greeting. He did not even turn his head. About his indifference, which was extraordinary, I cared nothing, for just as I got within six feet of him the tantalizing air came again full born into my brain.

I wondered at my grasp of such a masterpiece. My conception was complete to the final note, and, though I had never taken a lesson in music, I knew—felt, rather—wherein it conformed to the highest standards of the art. I followed the flutelike tones that were ringing in my ear, and, finally, obeying something stronger than my will, I threw back my head and, shaping my mouth as I had seen the fellows of the glee club at the university shape theirs, sang.

Metcalf's groaning brought me to a realization of the absurd figure I cut standing in the center of the camp beating time with a wisp of sage and singing to the moon as though my life depended on it. Hastily throwing some scrub on the fire, I set off with the determination of reaching the final cadence without interruption if I walked to the other side of the desert.

When beyond Metcalf's hearing I stopped and gathered myself together. The discovery of a talent is something to be well considered. Perhaps my ability as a composer would rank me above mediocrity. It would be impossible to conceive of one musical theme exhausting my originality; rather might it be expected to aid development in that direction.

Throwing back my head I formed my lips to sing, and not a note came forth. All my mental turnings and twistings were of no avail; not a suggestion of the melody that was to open up a noble career for me came to the foreground of consciousness. My castles were ruins.

The reaction caused by my failure brought a feeling akin to disgust. Waiting, dull and inert, not caring if the elusive air ever returned, my ear caught the faint echo of whistling off to the right. I went in the direction of it. As I drew near enough to distinguish between the sounds there seemed a strange familiarity in them. By stretching the imagination a resemblance to my own elusive air could be discovered.

Forgetting the indifference of a moment ago, I grew furious. Here was some scoundrel who had, evidently heard me practicing near the fire trying to steal the product of my genius. Drawing near, I was about to tax him with his dishonesty when he stopped and, stretching his arms above his head, rose from the sand heap. His "buenos, senor," as he passed on his way to the camp told me it was Juan, the Mexican, the kindest and gentlest of men. Nothing but folly would appear in accusing him of anything but faithfulness.

Thinking in nervous jerks, my feet keeping time to the unaccustomed mode of thought, I turned away. Scarcely gone 500 yards when I heard another whistle offend the night. And it was offense; it was little more than high treason against music. Williams had no doubt caught the first few bars of the strange air as I sang it near the fire and was determined to make them do duty for the whole composition.

Only Macpherson remained. There was no possibility of this man lurking in the shadows when I made that exhibition of myself before Metcalf. Filled with the traditional Scotch honesty, if he had heard me and was interested he would have come forward and asked me to teach him.

Keeping the flickering camp fire as a central point, I set out to encircle it. About one-third the distance was traversed when a low wailing attracted my attention. At first I thought it the bark of a distant coyote, but closer investigation discovered a larger share of the human cry in it than could possibly come from that skulking evidence of arrested development. With my gun ready for action, I went on. I was firmly convinced some one was being murdered. It was Macpherson. He was singing—that is—

Now he was low and hoarse; again he was high and piercing. Between

SINGING TO THE MOON.

these two extremes were roars beside which the efforts of the bull of Bashan were as the bleating of a lamb. And these sounds represented his conception of my beautiful air!

Here was a case of disillusionment without a parallel. About Williams I should say nothing. But Macpherson and Juan! I would have taken their simplest word and considered it binding as an oath. Two more honest men never trod the earth. Yet they were undoubtedly guilty of trying to appropriate a masterpiece that I had conceived.

I hastened back to where the wedge of flame pierced the pervading gloom—a gloom that now reeled up from every point and obscured even the beauty of the stars.

Juan and Metcalf and Williams were scattered lazily about the camp. It seemed impossible to do otherwise than shun my two old friends, so, wrapping myself in my blanket, I stretched out near the man we had picked up at the Needles, and my back had not fully touched the earth before the beautiful air came to me again. As its wonderful charm gripped me I grew dizzy with excitement. The veins in my neck swelled at the memory of being robbed by the very men I had trusted most.

It was the gray of the morning when a coarse burlesque of my masterpiece intruded itself on my consciousness. Macpherson was sitting up beating time with a corner of his blanket to a kind of sotto voce reproduction of the absurd sounds he had made the night before. Metcalf was watching him, and Williams was turning uneasily in his sleep.

At a very palpable error I objected and called to Macpherson that he was wrong, but without paying the least attention he kept at his noise. Incensed, I took up the theme and sang it as I knew it should be sung. Then Williams at this juncture joined in with his stupid attempt to show acquaintance with the air. And finally Juan awoke and set the pace, musically speaking, for us all. The Mexican's notes were clear and well sustained and gave evidence of some training. Indeed, if we had been content to follow his leadership, it is barely possible we should have reproduced something like unison, or even harmony, but the strong personality that is engendered in men when they cease to be house animals was apparent in our efforts to sing—rather roar—each other down.

Metcalf groaned aloud. There was no humor in that early morning serenade. It contained all the tragedy of an artistic inspiration entering commonplace souls.

At breakfast we glared at each other. Williams toyed maliciously with his six shooter, and Macpherson, the peace loving Macpherson, unlimbered himself, placing both knife and gun within easy reach. The silence was ominous.

I was the first to speak. Addressing Juan, I asked him if the music did not run like this, whistling.

Juan shook his head, but before he could suggest a correction Williams growled out his idea of how it should go.

The half quizzical smile on Macpherson's face gave way to a look of disgust. "This is how the tune goes, Williams," he broke in abruptly.

There was no question of the energy displayed in Macpherson's performance, but the grace left something to be desired.

I was on the verge of explaining this to him when Metcalf said, "That's the most infernal piece of music I have ever heard, and, furthermore, you are all wrong."

To this day I fail to see what saved his life. It seemed as though a child of mine had been murdered before my eyes. Williams and Macpherson both covered him instantly.

"You mean you're a liar," said Williams hotly.

"Go on; say you're a liar," echoed Macpherson, nervously fingering the trigger.

"If you care to listen to me," answered Metcalf with an indifferent wave of his hand and a shrug that spoke volumes for his character, "I'll prove it the truth."

"Let's give him a chance," I broke in, impelled as much by the anxiety to discover what he meant as the desire to avoid blood.

Without another word Metcalf went to his saddlebag and drew forth a sort of flute, which he screwed together.

"This is where it tripped you by the heels," he said, nodding to Macpherson. He then gave an imitation of Macpherson's ridiculous squeaks. "This is how it goes." And he played like an angel. "That's the chorus. Now the woman comes on. She's a contralto." And again the superb sounds that were a match for the morning filled our ears. A hint of the futility of life came to me as he reached the cadence. My throat was full. I was tempted to speak, to cry aloud, when a tenor note rang out clear and strong, transporting us to a truer, better world. He played this part twice over and finished with a dying fall that was as sweet as sleep after nights of pain.

Perhaps it was a minute, perhaps it was an hour, before any one spoke. Time and space were eliminated from our consciousness. Juan, the Mexican, a glint of reverence in his eye, had edged close to the player. Macpherson sighed and turned away. Even Williams, the bullet head of the outfit, was visibly affected.

"Gentlemen," said Metcalf, calmly unscrewing the inspired instrument and stuffing it into his saddlebag, "that proves one-half of my contention; the other half can be as easily proved."

Macpherson plucked nervously at his tuft of a beard and in his blunt, honest fashion said, "I thought that was my own tune."

"I thought it was mine," remarked Williams, and there was in the sliding inflection of the last word the suggestion of a man always sure of himself discovering a hole in his armor.

"I had dreams of developing into a great composer on the strength of it," I confessed, and, try as I might, I could not repress a sigh. Juan echoed the sigh and turned quietly away.

Metcalf seemed to be oblivious of his triumph. The indifference that was in his eyes when he looked down the muzzles of the revolvers still lingered. "You are all wrong," he finally began. "A man of whom you know nothing wrote it. There was a time when the music stood well in the world's opinion. About the beginning of its vogue I came in contact with it, to my grievous injury.

"Of course there was a woman," he went on after a slight pause. "There always is. But she was such a woman as only poets know in their dreams. And by every right that springs from years of unflagging devotion and unselfish love she was mine.

"Then he came, the composer, with all his old world charm and his old world knowledge of the human heart. In something less than a month from the day I introduced him to her I learned that all my unflagging devotion and unselfish love could not tip the beam against the least of his smiles. This knowledge came during the performance of the music you claim individually and collectively as your own. As they sang I watched them— But why go on? The music was composed for her. The man's soul was in it.

"That was ten years ago. Occasionally the desire takes possession of me to learn if she still lives, if she is happy with him, and I move in the track of men. Yesterday she seemed to draw me down that way." And he waved his hand toward the crowded east. We were hardly conscious that he had finished. His voice had fallen to a whisper.

Over us the sky hung fiery red. The desert wore a strange, pathetic look. The

HE PLAYED AS MAN NEVER PLAYED BEFORE.

blue veil shutting in the mountains swayed indolently. Not a twig or grain of sand moved. The wind was dead.

Metcalf quietly saddled his pony. We watched him with the sympathy we felt showing in our faces.

"Won't you play for us just a little?" said Macpherson hesitatingly.

For answer Metcalf drew forth the flute and, leaning against the pony, played as man never played before. He seemed to be something more than human and carried us with him into a world far beyond this.

Where he led us we were content to go. It was up, ever up, and the higher place was easy of attainment when he pointed the way. None of the cramping misery of the cities was in the life unfolded for us. The kisses of the kindly rain, the caresses of the splendid sun, the freedom of God's own smile were of it. The generous breath of the morning lulled us to sleep again, and the whisperings of the water brook came to our ears.

He was a mere speck against the sky line when Williams said: "Beautiful! Beautiful! Play it just once more."

Juan pressed my hand and was gone.

Macpherson looked with vacant eye after the Mexican, then arose and saddled up. He waved goodby to us as he went away.

Williams moved, and I put my hand on his arm. "They will not find him," I whispered hoarsely. "He will get behind the mist and be lost. Perhaps they will search for him forever."

"Perhaps, perhaps," said the bullet head, "but for that music I would search for him in Hades." And he, too, rode off, leaving me alone on the desert, regretting the jot of reason that bade me stay.

English Characteristics.

The Englishman is less social than men of any other nationality; I mean he is less conscious of the ties which bind humanity together, his moral formation owes little to his relations with other men, he scarcely troubles himself about what they think, and if he ever considers the matter at all it makes no difference in his sentiments and actions. In short, the Englishman is to a certain extent a recluse; he is more aloof from the world in which he lives and the neighbors whom he elbows than the men of any other nationality.—Boutmy's "The English People."

Getting Serious.

"I guess Mr. Olden doesn't feel as young as he did several months ago," remarked the observant man.

"Why do you think so?"

"He used to joke with that undertaker who lives near him, but he doesn't do it any more."—Philadelphia Press.

MAY DAY FESTIVALS.

They Were Celebrated in the Time of the Ancient Romans.

For age May day has been a time of general rejoicing. All over Christendom its advent is hailed with delight. The birds, the bees and the flowers join us in an annual celebration of the day. Nature has at last thrown off the snow quilt with which she has braved the ravages of winter and glows resplendent in buds and blossoms. The streams have broken their icy fetters and burst forth into joyous accompaniments to myriads of bird choristers. And humanity, overpowered by the same glad spirit, seeks the woods and the fields to revel in the wealth of verdure so lavishly spread out.

Among the Romans this feeling found vent in their Floralia, or floren games, which began on the 28th of April and lasted several days. We read that "nations taking more or less their origin from Rome have settled upon the 1st of May as the special time for fetes of the same kind. With ancients and moderns alike it was an instinctive rush into the fields to revel in the bloom which was newly presented on the meadows and the trees."

The barbarous Celtic populations held a heathen festival on this day, but we are not told that it was in any way connected with flowers. It was called Beltein and was celebrated by kindling fires on the hilltops at night. Within the remembrance of many the peasantry of Ireland, the Isle of Man and of the Scottish highlands also held similar celebrations.—Table Talk.

THE DIAMOND.

It Was Probably In Its Original State a Vegetable Product.

Originally the diamond was probably a vegetable product exuded from some ancient tree. Positive evidence on the subject is not forthcoming, but the concurrence of such authorities as Newton, Brewster, Jameson and Lavoisier, who trace it to a vegetable source, must, in the absence of decisive negative proof, make this hypothesis probable.

The crystalline form of the diamond is undoubtedly due to the action of heat, and the occurrence of these stones in igneous rocks and mica slate, especially at the Cape, lends color to the view that they have been metamorphosed, as has been the case with graphite.

This complete change may have been directly or indirectly due to the internal heat of the globe or may have resulted from volcanic action. Indirectly it would be accounted for by the immense heat evolved in the crumbling, fracturing and grinding together of the earth's crust in the attempt to adjust itself to the cooling and contracting interior. Directly it may have been the result of a change in the direction of the internal heat, causing a fusion of the rocks of the crust, the diamond and other crystals being formed when they again cooled.

The Name Niagara.

"Everybody pronounces Niagara wrong," said a philologist. The accent of this beautiful Indian word should not be put on the syllable 'ag,' but on the syllable 'ar'—the penult—the one before the last. Niagara means 'ark to the thunder.' Its accent should fall on the penult because the Indians themselves accent it there, because in practically all our Indian names of places the penult is the accented syllable. Think of the Indian names you know. Don't you accent nearly all of them on the syllable before the last? There are, for instance, Toronto, Mississippi, Alleghany, Appalachicola, Narragansett, Tuscaloosa, Saratoga, Ticonderoga, Oswego, Conshohocken, Wissahickon and Hochelaga. In all these names the accent is on the penult. Niagara is a Huron word, and if you can find a Huron you will find that he accents it as he does Saratoga or Tuscaloosa. I don't know how we have fallen into the habit of accenting it wrong."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Good Recommendation.

An Irishman was charged with a petty offense.

"Have you any one in court who will vouch for your good character?" queried the judge.

"Yes, sorr; there is the chief constable yonder," answered Pat.

The chief constable was amazed. "Why, your honor, I don't even know the man," protested he.

"Now, sorr," broke in Pat, "I have lived in the borough for nearly twenty years, and if the chief constable doesn't know me yet, isn't that a character for yez?"

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